





# AMERICUS MOOR;

OR,

LIFE AMONG THE AMERICAN FREEDMEN.

---

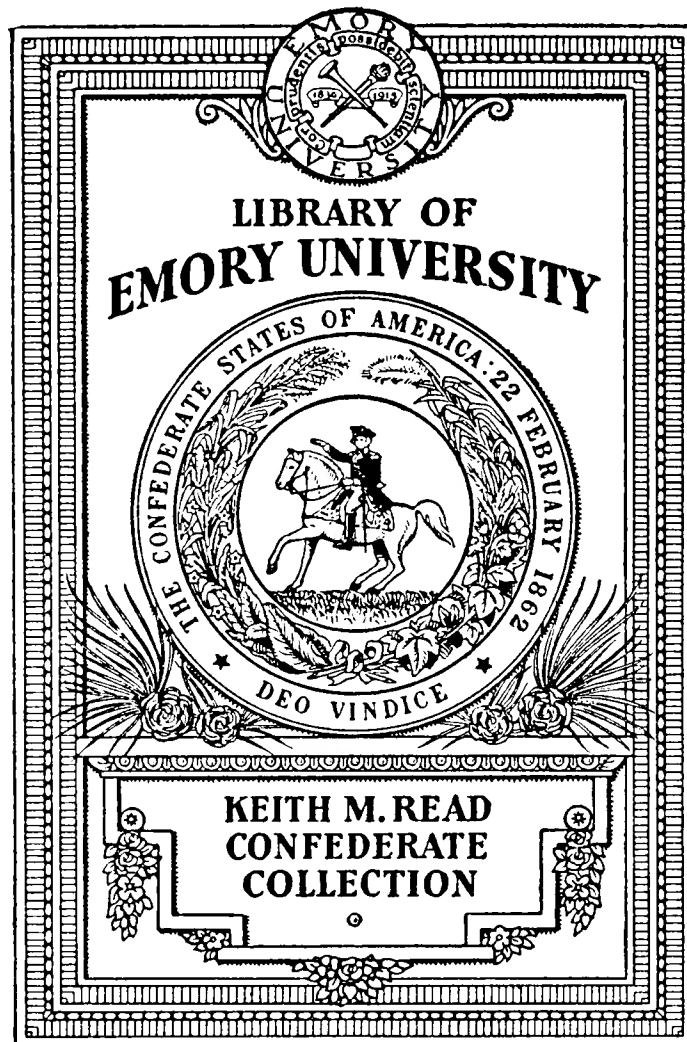
BY EDWARD W. WILLIAMS.

---

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1886.





118283

JUL 29 1940

# AMERICUS MOOR;

OR,

## LIFE AMONG THE AMERICAN FREEDMEN

---

The deeds I am about to relate happened in a section of the Southern States. It is well known that he whose character I purpose to show receives but little of the world's esteem, but it is also known, equally as well, that the world too often withholds its respect from its own deserving interest. To attain a knowledge of man we are to study him in every condition of life. There is one common nature that pervades all the species of mankind; surroundings, training, and habit will surely produce differences among them; but yet they, of whatever land or race, are subjected to certain laws, which to know is but to know themselves and their Maker. Practically the part the black man played in the great drama of America is indispensable, and he who goes to record the acts by which the wilderness of the new world was made to bloom and bear fruit should not leave out a single actor.

In the South, especially, the white man was seconded by the black man in every step he made onward, and we can not put a fair estimate upon the progress of the one without calculating the advantages he derived from the other. To extend the time for importing negroes was the grant that served to make the American Union, and refusal to extend the territory of their subjection would have destroyed, but freeing them saved, the Union. So, as the American people are marching on to their great destiny, it should be borne in mind that all are not of one race or color that leads them along and deserves their attention. Americus Moor is a full-blooded negro, tall and stout. Labor has set all of his physical powers into healthy exercise; but of his exterior form we'll say no more, let the world ridicule it on to its delight; our object is to represent that spirit which moves him from within. He is a man of fifty years, the husband of a good wife, and the father to ten children, of whom the

youngest alone survives. Twenty years ago he was taken out of slavery and thrown upon the world without a dollar in his pocket or the least experience of business. Ignorant and poor he had to enter that war which has ever been going on between intelligence and ignorance, labor and capital ; but that was not all : as he was freed against the will of his former master, he had to stand the exaction and suffer the spite the latter put upon him. After spending a few years in working for wages, share of crops, and renting land, after overcoming adverse circumstances and sustaining sometimes severe losses, we find Moor to-day situated upon his own tract of land, a tract containing sixty acres. His house is plainly built of boards, and contains five rooms with a piazza in front ; it is nicely painted ; each of the rooms within is comfortably furnished ; in the sitting-room you will see the pictures of old abolitionists, Union heroes of the late civil war, prominent advocates of negro rights and eminent colored men : there will be seen in the kitchen, which stands in rear of the dwelling, spoons, pots, pans, &c., which formed the greater part of Moor's furniture in olden time. These articles are kept as a sort of reminiscence of the days that are gone. Barns, stables and all the convenience of a little farm are on his place. Moor has two mules, one of them he plows himself and he hires a man to plow the other ; he also hires another hand to do hoe work. His wife, Femmy, works in the garden, water-melon and potato patches after doing her household business, and his only child, Prommy, is a boy of twelve years and attends public school.

Visitors of all colors have been entertained at Moor's house, and felt themselves at home by the simple hospitality they received. They have asked him of his past life and were told a tale of strange and shocking deeds ; of years of toil, suffering and wrong. He has told them that freedom to him has alternately been joy, sorrow and disappointment. Soon as his two eldest boys were educated two successive elections carried them one by one into eternity. His only daughter died with a broken heart for the death of her favorite brother. And yet this man, surviving these and other calamities which his uncultivated tongue cannot express, has often told his hope of a more perfect freedom and happiness. In the darkest of their age, when the enlightened saw no light for them, Moor and his race lived in the hope of the bright day that came for them at last. The aspirations for freedom are inborn with man and will conquer in

spite of hatred and intrigue, which naturally incite and strengthen their victim.

As every degree of sorrow has its portion of pleasure, and faith in ultimate success breeds happiness, Moor and his wife share in the joy of the world an only son, now the pride of their hearts, remain to reflect back their mutual love. It is not our choice but his own deeds which make him our hero. A hero he was long, long ago. So what we shall say about him and what he will do in these pages will be but a confirmation of his heroism.

On one of the last mornings of November, 1883, Moor began to load his two-horse wagon with seed-cotton to carry to the gin. The harvest time was near its end, and farmers were all preparing the remnant of their cotton crop for the market. When all the cotton was put in the wagon, Femmy, his wife asked, "Please fetch back some lint-cotton so I kin spin some tread."

Moor answered: "Things now aint like they was in old time. It is cheaper to sell the cotton en buy tread."

Prommy, their son, said: "That is why white people laugh at colored people; so, Pa, you and Ma ought to stop saying kin, en and tread."

Femmy looked upon the boy as if pleased with his superior intelligence, while Moor said: "Wile wite people was larning how for talk I was larning how to work, my child," and drove off with his wagon to Purit's steam gin, where he met Purit, Fend and Poster. They all are citizens of this immediate county community, which is ten miles from Villa, the trade town, and one hundred and fifty miles from Urban, the metropolis. Purit was born and bred in New England, but came here a few years ago to engage in planting. He had erected upon his plantation a steam gin, where most of his neighbors carried their cotton to be ginned. Fend is a descendant of the first families in the settlement and society of the South. He is about sixty years old, being twenty years older than Purit, and used to own Moor. Poster equals Moor in years and is similar to him in color. He is among those of his race that have made but little progress, but whom superficial observers take as a criterion to judge the whole race by. While Moor was unloading his wagon and Poster was inspecting the improvements about the gin house, the following conversation took place between Fend and Purit:

"The cotton failure," said Fend, "must have reduced your ginning business pretty low this year"

Purit answered in the affirmative, and Fend continued: "It has reduced the farmers' income almost to nothing."

"Well, the farmers," said Purit, "ought to have invested their labor and capital in divers productions and not chiefly in cotton, the price of which goes up and down in proportion to the quantity produced or demanded, thereby affecting their whole interest."

Fend answered: "That is true, sir; but prior to the war cotton was our main crop. The war desolated and impoverished our country and left us wrapped up head and ears in debt, without the experience and means to assume any other but our former occupation. And to complete the work of destruction our social structure was torn to pieces. The negro that we used to order was to be consulted. I tell you, sir, the change was so unexpected, sudden and thorough, till many of us are not yet settled down to the new situation. We all expected mischief from the negro as revenge for slavery, and that he would idle away his time in joy of his freedom. We doubted that he, as a freedman, would be the same trustworthy and faithful laborer he was when a slave. So in that disordered state of affairs we had to temper on with our old way of planting. After twenty years have passed I find that our progress exceeds our anticipation, and that the behavior of the negro disappointed us."

"I am glad to say," said Purit, "that the progress here is remarkable—the more so because it was made through unfavorable circumstances of old customs and late years. As a laborer, the negro deserves much credit. They have proven true to their trust."

How truthfully can cool, disinterested minds reason on facts. The revolution which the Confederate war brought on left the negro as laborer and the white man as capitalists. The past life of the laborer was but a school of ignorance, vice and suffering—the bare memory of which was enough to excite ill-feeling in him for the capitalist, his former master. He might have idled away his time, and if forced to work by necessity, might have become unfaithful to his employer, or he might have sought vengeance for past wrongs by burning and stealing. All of these things were expected of him, but the progress attained in the South is the best evidence that none of them were generally done. For there can be no progress in the various interests of a country where labor is not industrious, faithful and good-natured. The qualities in the black laborer are the dependencies that made the South what she is to-day. Yet for want of opportuni-

ties and fair play they have not yielded their possessor their due reward.

Fend remarked: "The gloomy days are passed now and our people are in hopes. I have nothing but my land, but that has been improved above the value of what it was with all my negroes in olden time. The heaviest burden we have to carry now is this credit system."

Purit said: "That is a perfect monopoly. The farmer is obliged to give a mortgage on his crop to the merchant that furnishes him with supplies he needs till the crop is made, but must take the supplies and deliver the mortgaged product at the merchant's own price."

Here Moor and Poster walked up and Fend said: "And their prices are always detrimental to the farmer's interest. Ain't that true, Moor?"

Moor replied: "Yes, sir, but, gentlemens, ef the merchunts injure the white people, war must you say they do with my poor race?"

"Do them worse," said Fend, "take advantage of their ignorance. In fact, the negroes keep up their trade in Villa. For most of the white farmers deal in Urban, where they get prices more favorable to their interest, even under the credit system."

"Moor, you are out of the merchant's clutches now?" inquired Purit.

Moor replied: "I jist settled up er few days er go and sabe er little cotton. It meaks me feel good, wen I kin say I don't owe a man."

Purit said: "I am glad to hear that. Now you ought to sell your cotton and go to Urban and buy all the supplies you need next year. Of the money you spend in Villa, you can save 30 per cent. in Urban."

"I thank you for your advice, Mr. Purit, I'll put 'em to good use."

"You let Moor beat you, Poster," said Fend; "he owns his land, mules, etc., and is out of debt."

Poster said: "I had bad luck."

"Bad management, you ought to say," rejoined Fend.

The reader is asked to hold Villa in his mind as one of the country towns of the South and Urban as one of the seaport or large commercial cities. The next day Poster went to Villa, and on entering Arb's store the latter said: "Well, Poster, you have cotton to-day?"



“No, sir,” said Poster. “I came to see you.”

“Not to borrow money, I hope,” said Arb.

Poster replied: “No, sir-ree; I come to save money for you. Moor been at Mr Purit gin yisterday bragging 'bout he got he own land and dat him sabe 'nuff cotton dis year to buy up all he want next year. Say him in'pendent, er you, en gwine to Urban to trade.”

Arb patted his informant on the shoulder, saying: “You are the fellow for me. Now I'll take Moor down a little lower than he is and put you up. I don't care anything for his trade, but I am glad you told me.”

After getting a drink and several articles free of charge, Poster said to Arb: “Now, don't call my name. I ain't no news carrier. I jist done dis fer your sake,” and left for home.

Then Arb to his book-keeper said: “What you think; old Moor sabe enough cotton to go to Urban and buy supplies for next year.”

The book-keeper said: “We'll lose a large trade, and he'll go to Urban, see how cheap things are there, and come back here and tell all the other niggers.”

Arb walked out of his store and explained the matter to Merce, a brother merchant, who, in surprise, said: “And he'll try to carry the other niggers there to trade, too, if he finds it to their interest. The niggers all have such confidence in him.”

Arb returned to his store and told the book-keeper, “that thing can't go so. If he don't owe us anything we can say he does and make Trial Justice Ray levy on him, and bring him down so that he'll either go on a lien with me or somebody else in this town next year.”

“We'll, I'll post our books,” said the book-keeper, “and make out a bill against him for one hundred dollars.”

In a few days after Moor came to town with two bales of cotton on his wagon and drove in front of Arb's store. Arb cut the bales, folded a sample in a paper with the price he offered for it, and said to Moor: “Now, if any merchant beats that price, I'll give you more.”

So Moor went around, got the bid of other merchants, and then returned to Arb. Arb gave more than any one else offered and bought the cotton. As Moor went to the book-keeper's desk for settlement, Arb said: “You better show Mr. Moor that little account.”

The book-keeper said : “ Oh, yes, Mr. Moor We made a great mistake in your lien account you opened here last January—a lien for four hundred dollars. You took up four hundred and fifty dollars worth of goods and paid us only three hundred and fifty dollars ; so you now owe one hundred dollars.”

Moor, in surprise, said : “ Did I teak up yar over four hundred dollars and ain’t pay but three hundred and fifty ? Read out the different things I got and the different payment I meak for ’em.”

The book-keeper went over the year’s account as he had it amended, but Moor shook his head, saying : “ Mr. Arb, I willing to pay my debt but I can’t understand your ’count. You hab goods on your book that I never git, and ain’t got down all the cotton I fetch you.”

Arb said : “ Well, if you can’t pay all now give me something on it and let the balance go on next year’s account. I don’t mean to press down on you.”

“ That ain’t the thing, Mr. Arb. Ef I owe you I’ll pay you now ; but the last time I been yar you all say I war done paying my debt, and I gone and teak up the mortgage you had ober mer crop, and yar you have more ’count ’gainst me.”

Arb said : “ The book-keeper told you it was a mistake, so what can I do ? I must go by the books.”

Moor replied : “ Well, everything I teak from you, and every time I pay you, I meak my little boy writ ’em down, so I’ll go home and make him go over the ’count.”

“ I’ll keep the one hundred dollars that your two bales are worth ’till you are satisfied about the mistake. In the same time you can get all the goods you want,” said Arb ; but Moor replied : “ No, sir, keep ’em. I don’t want no goods now. I want ’er git straight with my business,” and left for home.

That night Prommy sat over the account book at the center table, while Moor and Femmy sat near him. Femmy said : “ Arb know we owe him nothing ; he jist after cheating we.”

“ Teak your time, sor,” said Moor, “ and see ef Pa owe ’em anything or not.”

“ I’ll let you know directly, Pa. Arb can fool you but he can’t fool me.”

“ What,” said the fond mother, gazing upon her son, “ what a great thing edecation is. It meak our baby see way we can’t see, and do wot we can’t do for a living in this troublesome world.”

"Great aint no name for 'im, wife," said Moor "It is power, wealth—ebery thing. By edecation the white man rule over we, for we is weak, and is weak cause we is ignant. Edecation is light—like the sun—by 'im we can see ebery thing, but without 'im we in darkness en can't see anything. En wen you can't see you can't go, jist like er blind man or horse."

Prommy found the accounts square and even between Moor and Arb, neither one owing the other

"Same thing I say," said Femmy

After sitting in silence awhile Moor said: "I'll hab my hundred dollars out er Arb ef 'e teak all I hab to git 'em. When they tell me I owe them I didn't believe it, but I want to be certain bout the whole thing before I meak er move. I 'member the time they use to meak me pay debt I didn't owe cause I had no money to hire lawyers, but now, t'ank God, I habe money, and before I let them do me so gen I'll spend all I have."

The next day Moor returned to Villa, and said to Arb: "I owe you nutten, and gim me my money "

Arb said: "Get it if you can."

"All right, keep 'em," said Moor; "ef they have any law for er black man I'll find em to-day "

He called on Barr, one of the leading attorneys at the Villa bar. Just as Moor began to explain his errand Barr said:

"Have you ten dollars?"

Moor replied: "Not with me, sir: but I kin borrow em."

"Well, get it," said Barr, "before you speak to me."

Moor went to Merce, but the latter said: "I'm sorry Arb treated you so. Now, if you promise to trade with me next year I'll lend you the money, but you must keep it as a secret."

"I could not meak you that promise, Mr. Merce, but ef you lend me the money I'll pay you to-morrow. I habe more cotton home to sell yet."

"Well," said Merce, "I have not the change now, but would borrow it if you promise to trade with me next year." But our hero declined to make the promise, and went home.

Merce shared in common with Arb in the wish to suppress Moor and keep his trade in Villa, but was seeking the trade for himself.

The next day Moor brought a bale of cotton to Villa, sold it, and paid Barr to take up the case. After making the initiatory step for a suit at law, Moor returned home.

We should take into consideration now the quantity of cotton our hero had on hand. Eight bales, weighing 500 pounds each, first settled the four hundred dollars he owed. He had spent, up within a few days, two bales on current expenses, and the two bales for which he had entered a suit for, and the one he sold to pay the lawyer's fees, left him six more bales at home. His two hired hands worked on what is known in the South as a time-contract. They worked with Moor the first four work days of the week, and take the two latter for themselves. He gives them their rations, and each of them his mule one day of the week. He furnishes them the land, and they farm for themselves in their own time. Moor rents land for them and himself, too, for his tract is insufficient for his farm. The reader will bear in mind that each bale spoken of is the equivalent of fifty dollars.

The Moor and Arb case came off about the middle of December, in the trial justice court.

The morning before the court met the colored people gathered around the trial justice office, and reasoned on the prospects of the case. There was Timus, an old friend and neighbor of Moor's, who believed "E aint no use for ber Moor to bodder wid der case. Dese wite people aint guine back on one nudder for we, and dese lawyers just want dey money; den dey dun kare witch way de case go." There was Micur, a true friend and neighbor of Moor's, who said, "Lord, we haffer work in all kind er wedder to meak the crop, and dese wite people do nutten but teak 'em away "

"They have the law in they hand," said Braddo, another friend and neighbor to Moor, "and do just as they pleas." But Libro, a colored mechanic of the town, said: "Try the case, anyhow. If we don't try to defend ourself sometime these white people will do us worse."

"Now, I er telling the truth," cried Moor, "the more we teak off er them the more they wont to put on we."

So the people spoke words of sympathy and doubt for their friend, our hero, and wore mourning for him on their countenance. And why should they not do so? Every one of them had met his fate. Yea, all of them had seen in the same office and by the very same trial justice their rights and their earnings taken away. But the greatest thing we see is that there were among them one or two who had the courage to persevere, amidst the doubt and gloom that overwhelmed them all.



Trial Justice Ray now called his court to order, and without a jury the case was opened.

Moor's complaint that Arb had taken from him one hundred dollars wrongfully was counteracted by Arb's plea that Moor had taken up fifty dollars above his lien, and had lacked fifty dollars in paying up the lien he opened for

After further evidence corroborative of the ground each side had taken, Mog, Arb's attorney, began his argument thus: "This case is simple, a question of veracity between a white man and a negro. Bear in mind that the latter's testimony was inadmissible twenty-five years ago against a white man's. However, the only authority, Mr Arb's book-keeper, claims it to be a just debt, and it is but impertinence that this negro should come here and deny it."

Barr, in reply, said: "According to law, Moor owes Mr Arb nothing. When a man opens a lien it is recorded, together with the mortgage he gives for it, in the clerk's office. Whenever the lien is paid, the mortgage papers are to be taken up. Now, Mr. Arb allowed Moor to take up his mortgage of four hundred dollars, so that leaves the debt satisfied. If Moor did take up fifty dollars over his lien account it was illegal. The law authorizes you to levy for no more than you have a mortgage for. So in this case the mortgage was for four hundred dollars, and whether Moor didn't pay it or took up over it, the law recognizes no claim Mr. Arb may have over his cotton, because the 'mortgage has been taken up and the debt canceled on the recorder's book.'"

Trial Justice Ray said: "Since Mr. Arb has the money in his possession already, and since his book shows that it is owed to him, I can't see why he should not keep it," and decided that Arb owed Moor nothing.

Then Moor whispered to his attorney, saying: "Couldn't you 'peal and car the case to the high court?"

"If you have the money," said Barr. "You'll have to pay the expenses of this trial, too."

Moor replied: "All you have to do is to work for me; you needn't think 'bout pay, for you'll git that at any time. I'll pay you beforehand. I intend to hab my right no mind war e cost."

An appeal was taken.

When the court adjourned Moor's friends were deeper in sorrow than they were in disappointment.

“ War use is e for we for work wen we can’t keep war we work for? ” said an unknown voice.

We do not know how often the same views have been expressed and the exact effect they have had on those who said and heard them ; but this we do know : A people whose right to the fruit of their labor is not maintained by the law of the land will have a tendency to despair, carelessness, and slothfulness. Only those among them who possess extraordinary courage, ambition, and industry will venture in what seems to them the forlorn hope of attaining material prosperity.

It was now near Christmas. White and colored from the country were daily thronging the streets of Villa, and the mercantile business was most lively. Irrespective of race or color they met each other on Christmas eve with the “ Merry Christmas,” and parted with the “ treat ! ” During the holidays some were to engage in religious services, some in the sports of the field, and in the marriage ceremony, while others were preparing for festivals and entertainments. At Braddo’s house a party of young people met to have their usual entertainment. Shortly after they assembled Poster came in and gave some of his experience.

“ In old times, wen we use to hav party we had to send one uv de mens out door to look for de patrol, and dem dat stay in de house had to talk in er wisperin’ way en dance en walk ’bout easy, so dey couldn’t make noise. Den we had to git back home ’fore de driver miss we, for old massa didn’t ’low we for go to party off de plantation.”

“ You couldn’t have had much enjoyment,” said Virtrue, a young lady that was engaged to marry Fonnit the next winter.

“ We had plenty,” answered Poster, “ cos er been so seldom dat we see people on annudder plantation tell euse to meak we boys feel good ef we could jist look at er strange lady, widout talkin’ en dancin’ wid ’em.”

“ Well,” continued Virtrue, “ suppose you fell in love with the strange lady, could you go to see her if she permitted? ”

“ Yes, but in secret, en ef you want to marry ’em you had to git leav from your massa. I been want to marry er gal off massa plantation, but he wouldn’t let me. One Sunday ebenin’ massa call me en Omun to de house en say, ‘ Poster, you must marry Omun and not dat Chatol’s girl ; en Omun, you must send that strange nigger

back home, en marry Poster : I don't wan't my niggers to have anything for do wid udder niggers. Stay en marry right yar togedder ' "

" Oh, my ! " said Virtrue. " Both of you were broken off from pre-engagements. It must have grieved you a long time ? "

" Not me. Omun cry en went on for some time. "

When Poster concluded, Fonnit said to his intended wife : " The preacher ought to ask God to take the old slavery out of our people as well as the old Adam. That poor man is dead to the feelings of love and pride. "

" That's true, " said Virtrue. " But all the bad breeding, ill habits, and awkwardness that our people have are the unavoidable effects of slavery. I am surprised that the customs of old didn't suppress every good and noble desire in them beyond redemption. Their habits may be ridiculous, but their inner qualities of endurance are admirable. It's a blessing to us that we were born in free times. "

" Yes, " said Fonnit, squeezing her hands, " but the blessing of our marriage is the next one I want to enjoy " "

During the holidays Fend's youngest son, Terry, and Prommy, (both of twelve years) went hunting. After killing several game they made up a little fire in the woods and sat down to rest. Re-marked Terry : " I wish the holidays would last a month, then we'd have all the time we want to sport. "

Prommy said : " Yes, but we'll have to stay from school too long. "

" I don't see why you want to go to school so ; if I was a black boy I wouldn't bother with education, for it wouldn't do me any good. You see all the black people working in the field and all the white people sitting in the house tending to business. "

" Look at Mr. Pollit and them holding office, they are black. If I get my education I may hold office too. "

" No you won't ; pa says soon as they elect a Democratic President they'll take the office from Pollit and Ticcian and no more black men will hold any. "

Here an important phase in the life of the two races is discovered, even in the small talk of the boys. They both go to school, but prospects stimulate the one and vanity is held up to the discouragement of the other. The colored pupil is prompted only by his natu-

ral desire for knowledge. This desire must be extraordinary in the race, for in the days of slavery it so actuated them till every moral and legal force was used in the South to destroy it. But it has survived the suppression of ages, and now urges the whole race along in spite of the obstacles that have been long standing in the pathway of its gratification and the vanities that becloud its object.

On New Year's day a meeting was called at Villa to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation and was largely attended by persons of all ages and sexes. Pollit, of the United States revenue office, said :

"Here we are, after twenty-one years of freedom ; a few of us are educated, some of us own our homes, most of us have institutions of benevolence and learning, and all of us worship in our own churches. Twenty-one years ago we were all ignorant, poor, and homeless ; how great is the change. What we have acquired is what slavery denied us and what freedom gave us. How great is the difference in the fruits of the two."

This speech aroused the people, so now they begin to compare their past and present lives.

"See my hand," said Libro ; "the finger that was here they cut off twenty-five years ago this very day because I was learning how to write."

"I was a little boy then," cried Braddo, "but my father was in the swamp runen' from the hounds."

Timus, with tears in his eyes, said : "I was chained to de w'ip-pen post, standen in mer own blood."

"Ah, Lord," said Micur, "dis berry day twenty-five years ago dey sell me from mer wife and child'en."

"In der mids ub trouble, now," said Moor, "if we dis think bout slavery we'll get happy. My people, we must nebber forgit to tank de Lord and der Norden people."

Sorney, an old woman, said : "Ah, mer children, talk no more bout dem old times, you meak me feel der blood runen down mer side, and Jedde, der driber, w'ip and der hound er barking."

Ticcian, the last speaker, said : "As you rejoice in your freedom and your progress, hope and work that the next twenty years yield up a still more abundant harvest."

"Yes," said Moor, "for dis freedom is too good for we for idle way."



The following Monday being public sale day (first Monday in new month), a great quantity of live stock and lands, that had been mortgaged for lien, were foreclosed, and in the sheriff's book for sale. When the sale began, Chival said to Fend, "My land is for sale, and none of these merchants will buy it in for me. Great God, I have not a dollar, and where and how will my family live? These fellows want me to get on my knees and beg them; but I'll die first."

Fend said: "I wish I could help you, but we all are in the same ditch. Why don't you try Purit?"

"I owe that Yankee now, and can't pay him."

"Well, try Commer: he has money."

"Oh, that no-blooded, second-class thing will think he is a gentleman."

"That is true; but the necessities of life should be accepted from any source when we can't help ourselves. You aint got to take him in your society, the borrowing is a private affair"

"God knows I'll have to do something. Where is he? I'll die before I go around and seek him."

"There is Lowney (poor white), send him for Commer."

Chival now sends Lowrey for Commer, to whom he said: "Well, Commer, my property is for sale, and as I don't want to bother with these mean merchants here, couldn't you buy it in for me? I'll give you a mortgage."

Commer said: "All right, Mr Chival. I'll do it, sir."

"Well, just give me the money (\$500), and then come to my house any time, and we'll fix up the paper"

Commer agreed, drew on the bank for the money, and gave it to Chival. In the mean while Arb walked up to Braddo and said

"I was obliged to sell your mule and wagon to-day; but come to me next week and I'll try and get you another"

"No, Mr Arb," said Braddo; "I been trying to buy a mule on the lien for ten years, en I aint got 'em yet. Jist as I most pay for the mule and ge the merchant all mer crop, they teak the mule from me en meak me start to buy other one fresh gen. You done me the same way You sell me that mule last winter fer one hundred and fifty dollars with twenty per cent. intrust. After I pay you for my pervision, I pay you one hundred and twenty-five dollars on the mule, and know I'll finish payer for 'em next fall, but you wait till I ge you all mer crop, then teak the mule and want me for teak new

one now, end start fresh to buy 'em. I done with these merchants. I'll work for wages till I git 'nough money to buy me a mule end go farm for myself."

When Arb walked off, Timus said to Braddo :

"Mr. Sondy teak my mule and all de crap I meak. I been wid dese merchants eber since freedom trying to buy er mule, en to-day I hab no more den I had wen dey set me free. My poor wife en childen starbin at home ; aint er pint ub meal in my house. I haf-fer go work wid somebody dis year."

"I, too," said Braddo. "I done wid giten credit and keepen count wid dese Buckrow. (A term used for white people.) I'll work for wages wid dem."

Seeing Moor, Timus said : "Ber Moor, der Lord bless you for git long so good."

"He bless you, too," said Moor, "but you use der blessing wrong. I been in der same fix you en Braddo in now ; but ebrey time dey did teak way mer crop, mer mule, and mer cow, der harder I did work en sabe mer money, so I could git up. I aint up high yet, but I aint as low down as I been—wen I didn't hab bread for eat en place for lay mer head. They want to bring me down poor as I been before, but God knows they'll never do that. I'll work myself to death first. Long as we have to lib on they land and git things from them on credit, they'll do we jist as they please."

This recital of our hero's experience teaches us a philosophy. The fact that he was down urged him to rise. The oppression upon him he used as stimulants for his ambition, and the spite and scorn of the world he made to quicken his energies. It is a consolation for the "lowly" to know that the very means which the "high" use to keep them down may be indirectly used to set their faculties in action and to advance them.

After the sales, Merce, speaking to Arb about Chival, said : "I'm sorry I couldn't buy in his property to-day ; but he is not a safe man to invest money with. He don't know how to make money, and lives above his income."

"Oh !" said Arb, "that is the trouble with all our white customers. They are always quarreling about high prices, keeping exact account with us, getting in debt they can't pay, and when you sue them they take advantage of all the technicalities in law, and try to avoid payment. We get but little profit in their trade, for they are our equal in intelligence and before the law "

On their way home in the country Fend, Chival and Sol conversed as follows: "My heavens!" said Chival, "a man don't know what he'll come to. I didn't dream thirty years ago that I would ever have to beg a low man like Commer for a loan of money. The war did us more injury than freeing our slaves. It has made the lower whites our equal in a sense."

But Sol said: "I take a different view of that. The law has made the lower whites a productive class, adding now to the prosperity of the country."

After speaking awhile on the operation of the lien law, Fend said: "Our Legislature ought to abolish it and enact a system whereby the land-owner shall have supreme control of the supplies his tenant needs. For instance, I give enough supplies to advance my tenants, and when the crop is made take out the cost of supplies, the rent for my land, and leave them the balance."

"That would be too binding on the tenants," said Sol.

But Chival replied: "No more binding than the present lien law. And if anybody is to bind and live off the nigger we ought to do so, and not these Irish and Jews who didn't own them. They were our property, taken from us, and we ought to have the advantages that can be taken of their labor and trade as an indemnity for our loss."

Here Sol parted off for his home, and Fend said: "Now, Sol is of a good family, and is smart. He owns lands, and my plan would help him as well as us. But he is a theorist, you know, and can't adapt himself to things that are practicable."

But Chival said: "Oh, he always was a fool."

Sol is one of those conservative men that opposed secession, accepted the issues of the war, and now longs to see an end put to the race controversy in the South. He loves his native South, but he loves the whole country also. He loves his race, but he does not hate the black man. He is descended from a high family, but he never did scorn the low whites. But, numerically and influentially, the class he belongs to has ever been but a weak factor in Southern society. The controlling spirit in the South is represented in the persons of Fend and Chival. They both are of one caste—proud of their South and their race. The one is cool-headed, the other is hot-headed; the one like Barr and Merce, the other like Mog, Arb, and Justice Ray. But there is yet a similarity between

them. Both accepted the issues of war by force only ; but their acceptance was, and even to this day is, with their tongue and not their heart. The one, having a love for order and moderation, found it more practicable to bury the past and make the best use of the present order of things. They both love the Union, but it is that old Union, not the present progressive union of freedom and equal rights. They both believe the negro to be a being naturally inferior to the white man, and is fit only for hewing wood and drawing water. But the one will not oppress him so long as he behaves himself in a prescribed limit. The other, less prudent, and stubborn, holds on to the past and makes war on the present. This class believes the negroes their confiscated property ; believes he was intended by God to serve white men, and should be made to do it.

This is the class of men whose influences are most felt. Their more discreet brethern of the other class, while disagreeing with them in some things, yet submit to them in too many. They are better known to the world as ku-klux, and violators of the law. So slavery was physically and not morally abolished in the South. The former master became the land-owner, and the former slave the peasant. The former believed he had a right to the latter's labor, and used guile, usury, and fraud to obtain it. And now, what the land-owner cannot do personally of his own accord the law of his State will do for him. To rise out of his degradation, the peasant must counteract the moral force that oppresses him. And to do this—which is no more than to acquire property and education—requires high, stern intellectual and moral qualities.

This is what our hero has done so far. He had sold all of his cotton before Christmas ; paid all of his debt and now had in possession two hundred dollars. On the following day he went to make the first installment (\$75.00) on the payment of a tract of land (25 acres) he had just bargained to buy of Fend. On arriving at Fend's house, Moor was invited in and entertained by Ances, Fend's father, and Socena, his wife. They questioned him about the neighborhood news, the whereabouts of many of their former slaves and how things were drifting generally. After making settlement with Fend, Moor retired, and Ances began, as follows :

“Ah, this world is going in a strange way ; thirty years ago I owned Moor, but to-day he owns himself and a part of the very land I worked him on.”



“Don’t mind that, Pa,” said Fend, “we have everything in our hand still ; I nor my children have to work ; what we pay the negro for his labor now is just a little more than it cost us to take care of them before the war.”

“Yes,” replied the aged father, “but we are parting away with our land, which is our greatest prop.”

“Circumstances,” said Fend, “force us to sell a little land just to get the necessities of life, but we yet have more than we can cultivate or rent to the negroes.”

The want of money is forcing Fend to sell, and the desire of independence is forcing Moor to buy

The following day Timus and Braddo came to be hired by Fend.

“Old massa,” said Timus, “you know I kin work.”

Fend said “I know it. Had you been with me ever since freedom you would have something to-day. However, I’ll furnish the mule and land for a one-horse farm ; you furnish the labor and go one-third of the expenses and take one-third of the crop ; your provisions and share of the expenses come out of your share of the crop.”

Timus accepted the offer, but Braddo refused, and called on Commer, saying : “All I want, sir, is good wages ; I’ll ge you no trouble ’bout my work.”

After they had disputed awhile on the wages, they at last agreed to this : Commer was to give Braddo \$60 for the year, a peck of corn, two pounds of bacon with salt a week. Braddo contested further, and was given every Saturday and enough land for him and family to run a little farm upon ; but Commer declared : “I wouldn’t ge another nigger such a bargain I ge you, ’cause I want you to lead the other hands I have.”

Commer is one of the “no-blooded” Southerners whose money was principally made since the war. He is a man of thrift and enterprise. He lives not far from Fend, and has on his farm a store. Any of his hands may open an account at the store, and all of them are paid there in money or goods. He has in his employ Fonnit, who waits in the store, about “the house,” and goes off on errands. Fonnit is the youngest and only surviving son of Sorney, whose support depends upon the labor of her son.

In the afternoon of the same day Fection, Commer’s son, went to have the paper drawn up with Chival for the loan of the \$500. He

was followed by his pretty little terrier. Chival politely invited him into the house, and there they transacted their business, after which Chival said: "Now, if I know when your father goes to Villa I'll meet him there and have this paper recorded."

Fection: "All right, sir; I'll see him and let you know"

While these were conversing, Chival's wife, Quallet, and Fairy, his daughter, were on the piazza admiring the little terrier. As Fection came out on the way to his house Quallet expressed to him her liking of his dog. He said to her: "I am glad to know that you are pleased with it; you may have it."

"Oh, my! I thank you kindly. It will be a pleasure for us to have in the house, it's so sportful and gay"

Fairy said: "Mother, you are more lucky than I am; you have a nice gift for the new year."

"You had better let me bring you a pair of beautiful pigeons, Miss."

Fairy said: "I would be very thankful for them, sir. We used to have great many of them, but have none now."

Fection returned home, leaving the terrier with Quallet. As he rode out of the yard, Quallet said: "He is a very nice young man, right kindly disposed."

Chival said: "Yes, he is a pretty good sort of fellow. His father is quite obliging and kind."

"They are making money, too," said Fairy. "He dresses nicely and is so co'teous."

On meeting his father Fection said: "Well, sir, they treated me well; invited me in the house. Mr. Chival talked to me nicely, and his wife and daughter fell in love with my dog, so I gave it to them."

"You were right."

"The mother and daughter talked and laughed with me awhile, so I promised to carry them a pair of pigeons."

"That's right."

"But I wonder why they didn't introduce me to the daughter"

"Ah, son, you already went farther with them than I could in my youth. So be thankful."

Fairy had seen Fection before and was impressed by his appearance, yet their stations in society had kept them apart. Her liking for him was swelled now by the compliments her parents paid his disposition and prosperity in life. Her charming form had made a

like impression on Fection, who was also encouraged in his liking of her by the hospitality her parents gave him. The next day he returned with the pigeons, which were received with every grace that becomes a lady. They gazed on each other a while, they smiled and parted.

About this time a rumor in Moor's community that the public schools would not run out their usual four months, aroused the colored people and caused Moor to go to Villa and see the school commissioner. On arriving there he found the school commissioner in consultation with the trustees of the various school districts. He was asked to retire and wait a few hours. The commissioner then said to Fend, Chival and other trustees for Moor's district, that "the negroes are still grumbling about the short term of the school."

Chival said: "They better be glad with what term they get. Left to me their children would be in the cotton patch and not the school-house."

"I am sick of free schools. If I were able my children shouldn't attend one. It's a gathering together of the high and low children, and may destroy their ideas of social rank. The negroes ought to be glad for the term we run their school, because we pay most of the taxes," said Fend.

"Well, I think we might let them get a little learning," replied Chival. "I don't know what for except to make them get beside themselves."

"We used a part of the appropriation to build school-houses, so the colored school can't last but three months."

When they adjourned Moor returned, and being told the cause of the short term, said: "Why they build no school-house for we. Our church been our school-house ever sence freedom."

The commissioner laughed, and said: "Well, I have to go to dinner, now "

Before leaving for home Moor told Libro of what occurred. The latter said: "If it hadn't been for the charity of the Northern people and our own exertion the colored school here wouldn't last but three months."

"God bless the Northern people," said Moor. "They tryen to help us, wile dese buckra we been serben all our days tryen to keep we down."

Moor returned home, called his friends together at the school-

house, and said: "Mer people, let me tell you. Dese buckra hab der school in dey hand, en don't intend to let our child'en git larning. Dey liben off our labor 'cause we is poor and ignant, en they want to keep our children poor and ignant so that they children may lib off our children as dey libin' off we. En mens, we must not leab our children in dis fix."

"God knows, our children," said Timus, "can't stand what we gone through."

"Stand it or not," continued Moor, "it is our duty as mens to leab dem so dey can pectect theyself. Dat is wot de wite man doin' ebry day. Dey send dey children to school all de time so dey children kin be 'bove our children. We must leave our children ejucation en property ef we want them to lib yar in peace en from under the control of these wite people."

"Yes," said Braddo.

"Dey don't want to see our children go to school in der workin' time," continued Moor. "Dey don't like it 'cause dey know dat wen dese children we habe 'come ejucated, dey children can't cheat 'em as dey do we. I hab but one boy en I intend to leab him er home en ejucation. So I want you to help me run dis school in private after dey close 'em."

"I hab no money," said Timus, "but my oldest children kin work out by der day and let der young one come." Braddo said the same, and they all agreed to run their school one or two months after the State closes it.

"We hab," said Moor, "'nough to do ef we want to see our prosperity. I'se guine to Urban en buy up my pervison, so I kin stay off der lien. Ef you have any money I'll teak 'em long and buy things for you or books for your children. We must help one 'nother ef we want to git up."

"Yes' dat's der way," said Poster, "for der w'ite people will help one nudder." Vice is conscious of its wrong and will always try to assume the form of virtue. The meeting adjourned and all went home with the inspiration of Moor's spirit. Every effort to keep this ignorant man down indirectly reveals to him the means to put him up. We left Fairy and Fection in the infancy of mutual love. Up to this time they have not had a sight of each other. But love, when separated from its object, goes into meditation and inspires hope. The object of love is continually being magnified by



the imagination. We'll let them alone while their pleasant thoughts are roaming in the paradise of happiness. Nights are giving them now sweet dreams, and days awaken in each of them thoughts of delight.

About the middle of January, Femmy said to Moor: "I want you to car' me with you w'en you go to Urban. I want to see the place—I ain't been there sence I went with missus before the war. Oh! it was er nice place then."

"All right," said Moor, "we free now, and ought to see something of the world 'fore we die." So on the next day, Moor and Femmy went to Villa and mounted the Urban train.

While collecting the fares the conductor said to him, "You can't ride in this car, so take your woman and go in the second class coach."

"W'at's matter," said Moor; "my ticket ain't right or we ain't dress' good 'nough?"

"It matters not about the ticket or your dress, go where I send you."

"Well, sir, the train b'longs to you and I won't quar'l 'bout 'em."

"Go out," continued the conductor, "and give me no words. You have no better sense than to think of riding with white people."

"I don't want to ride with white people," said our hero. "I just want er decent place to car mer wife in, that's all; en ef I can't car 'm in this car I'll teak 'm back home before I go in that yonder car mong all them drunken men. Let me git out."

The train was stopped, and Moor and his wife got out, hired a vehicle, and returned home.

Femmy was prevented from seeing Urban, but Moor was prevented from purchasing the supplies he needed to run his farm at the cheapest rate. However, he said to her:

"I aint guine to bodder them with they train; I'll try en buy up pervisions in Villa with the one hundred dollar I hab, en stay off the lien anyhow. Ef I go on er tall e'll jist be to git guano. Dey jist do we so cause they don't want to see black people ridin 'bout like wite people. But I'll let them see that my labor kin meak do jist is er wite man kin do."

Soon after the disappointed parties arrived, the news of this unfortunate occurrence was spread over the community

“ I can’t see why they do it,” said Socena. “ Moor’s wife has often ridden with me on the first-class car ”

But Fend answered: “ Then they belonged to us, and none dared to touch her, but now they are free, and the railroad can do them as they please. I’m sure they can’t help themselves.”

And this is their freedom; to suffer abuse without redress.

“ I’m glad,” said Arb, “ the impudent scoundrel has enough of Urban cheap goods now ”

Merce said: “ I tell you it has saved trade for us. God must have caused it to happen so.”

“ The fellow must have some money,” said Barr to himself. “ I must see him and get a little for that case I have for him.”

When Moor came to Villa, Barr was the first to meet him, and said: “ Mr. Moor, your case will come up in the extra session of the circuit court in March. I am forcing it, and am anxious to gain it, so Arb can turn over to you your one hundred dollars. But I want about twenty-five dollars, so I can leave some other cases and turn all my attention to yours.”

“ Tank you, Mr. Barr,” said Moor “ I come down to by up some pervison, but I’ll not do it now. I’ll ge you the money, for I redder pay for mer right den buy bread. E meak me feel so good wen I kin injoy mer right. So I perfectly willing for pay you to git ’m for me. They can’t stop me from meeking bread, but they kin not ge me mer right.”

He paid Barr, and then called on Merce, who said to him: “ I was sorry to hear of your troubles, but I was not surprised, Mr. Moor; the railroad company is mean enough to do any thing. They charge us such dear freights for bringing our goods from Urban till we can’t make any profit.”

After saying this, Merce persuaded Moor to take a lien from him. Moor consented, for he had not enough money to buy up all the supplies and guano he needed. True, he had about sixty dollars, but he is the chief among those of his race that does not believe in spending “ de last cent.”

In the month of February a storm at night threw down fences, trees, &c., and many cattle left their pastures and went astray. The morning after, Commer found in his field several strange cows, of which it was readily seen that one belonged to Moor, another to Fend, and the rest to unknown parties. The law of the State is

that all live stock should be kept in confinement by their owner, and not trespass upon other than their owner's land. Commer had the cows shut up in his pasture, and then said: "Go tell Mr. Fend he can send and get his cow free of charge; but let Moor's alone. Every day I keep his cow shut up he'll have to pay me for my trouble, and also pay the damages it done by trespassing on my land."

He said this to his son Fection. Fonnit heard it and immediately went and informed Moor, who was at that time busily preparing his land for planting.

After hearing Moor's apology for the cow being out, Commer said: "I can't help that; you must pay me what the law allows. I didn't make the storm blow down your pasture fence. Pay me five dollars, or I'll keep the cow"

The money was paid right away, and Moor returned home.

Fection thought that the other cows belonged to Chival.

His desire to see Fairy and to have an excuse for going to her residence made him apparently certain. He went. Fairy, being the only one of the family at home, invited him in the parlor, where they chatted lovingly till Chival and Quallet came.

"The cows are not mine," said Chival; "but I'm glad to hear how you treated Moor. That's what we made that stock law for. Before it was in operation the negroes' cattle lived and increased fast on the grass of the forest. Now, none but those that have land or rented pastures can keep stock. The poor ones like Timus are unable to feed their cows, even in other people's pastures; so they can't keep any, you see."

When Fection left for home, Chival said to Fairy: "Daughter, you shouldn't have entertained Fection in the parlor. Of course, he can come in, speak to me, and go out, like a nigger, but when I am absent, tell him to call again, and don't invite him in."

Quallet reminded her daughter that "he's not your equal—not a gentleman; be careful, please."

Fairy listened attentively to her parents, and appeared as though she had committed a crime. In their opinion she had. But it was done because her thoughts were not upon caste—they were all centered in him who had absorbed her affections. Their meeting to-day inflamed their mutual love, which now begins to burn in each other's breast.

The next day Fection sent Fairy a letter by Fonnit. Fearing that

some one may see the delivery, Fairy snatched the letter from Fonnit and hurried him on back, lest his very presence invoke inquiry. After reading Fection's love-letter, she said : " What shall I say in reply? I can't slight him."

Here she writes him a letter, in which she requests that " no more letters must be sent me by Fonnit, for his presence will invoke inquiry, and I don't wish for any one of the family to know our business. Iner, the bearer, will carry and bring all communications."

Iner is a motherless girl of twelve years, and serves in the family. She is colored, of course. While Fairy would not invite Fection to the house, she would not let him know the feelings her parents had against him.

In the early part of March Poster came to Moor to get some corn seed ; of course, our hero gave him the seed. While they were speaking on the system of planting each had adopted for the year, a message came to Moor that Ances, Fend's father, was dead.

" Well," said Moor, " de old man is gone. I'll go en offer dem my help for de funeral."

" He may go on for me," said Poster ; " God knows he done me 'nough 'fore de war, en I aint goin' bodder wid he funeral, for dem wite people wouldn't help wid my funeral."

Regarding not the opposition of Poster, Moor called on the bereaved family and offered his services. He assisted in digging the grave, attended the funeral, and, with others of his color, buried the corpse. He did no more than what is being daily done by the masses of his race. In spite of the ill-feeling engendered by the past or the present controversy the colored people never failed to pay the dead of the opposite race that homage which is owed them by the living.

Chival's son, Prido, left for home with his mother just after the burial. When they drove up to the gate and saw Iner returning home, Quallet said : " Iner, where have you been ?

" Went to carry a letter to Mr. Fection for Miss Fairy "

" What ! " exclaimed Prido, " did Fection answer it ? "

" No, sir ; he aint been home," answered Iner.

" Well," continued Prido, " have you brought the letter Fairy gave you back." As Iner replied in the negative, Prido drove quickly in the yard, jumped out of the buggy, and asked Fairy : " What you wrote to Fection about? Before you bring disgrace on

our family I'll kill Fection and banish myself from your shameful presence."

Fairy, with tears rolling down her cheeks, leaned upon Quallet, saying: "Mother, I wrote to ask him for a pigeon, in the place of the one I lost."

Quallet, relieved of her nervousness for the time, spoke: "Oh, son; that's nothing!"

"I thought you hadn't gone crazy," said Prido.

Fairy now goes in her room, falls upon her bed, and said: "Lord, what must I do! I can't slight Fection, yet I can marry him only by leaving mother and the family This I can't, can't do. But, ah me! I shall be with them in body and not mind."

She then called Iner, and said: "Iner, you came near bringing on serious trouble this evening."

"Well, Miss Fairy, I couldn't tell a story Poor mama told me on her death-bed that if I tell a falsehood I'll never see her again."

"Oh, your mother's sickness affected her brains, so that she knew not what she was saying."

"Well, Miss Fairy, I don't want to have anything more to do with your letters."

"Well, do this much, if they ask you did you bring or carry letters before tell them no."

Iner agreed, and Fairy began to wonder how could she and Fection continue their correspondence. She knew it couldn't be done through the mail for her brother was the only one who visited the post office. In a few days she resolved upon the following plan: "That Fonit must bring our letters to that tall oak which stands eastward about five hundred yards from our house. It can be at once recognized by its large size and the moss that hangs upon it. It is surrounded by a thick wood. I make this change because Iner takes too long to go and come."

The letter having this plan she kept till in April, when she went to Villa to purchase her spring goods, there she mailed it with her own hands. Fection received it a day or two afterward.

The last Monday in March the circuit court began its sitting at Villa. The day appointed for the Moor-Arb case attracted quite a crowd. The jury commissioner had so packed the jury-box till not a colored man was a juror. The case being up, the evidence, arguments, &c., rendered before Trial Justice Ray were repeated by both parties.

In addition to his former argument, Mog said: "Oh, shameful times! The testimony of a white man may now be contradicted by his former slave."

In charging the jury the presiding judge said: "This negro is indebted to Mr. Arb, but in bringing the account to a close Mr. Arb made a mistake by taking up the mortgage papers, &c. However, I don't think that it would be justice for Mr. Arb to suffer for that one mistake the loss of one hundred dollars he furnished this negro with."

The jury acquitted Arb before leaving their seats.

But what happened, Moor right away said unto Barr: "I tank you for wor you done for me, but can't you 'peal to the spreme court? I wouldn't follow this case so, but I know I don't owe Mr. Arb, and I can't stand and see him teak way my money for nутten."

So an appeal was taken to the supreme court of the State. He had a white jury This is the jury selected when a case comes up between a negro and a white man. A jury of mixed colors is found only where the parties on trial are all colored or all white.

On one of the last days of May, Decen and Prido, sons respectively of Fend and Chival, went with other young men of their age to attend a fish-dinner at Sol's mill-pond.

After the sports of the day, Prido invited his fellows to sup with him that evening. The pond is a distance of only two miles from Chival's house, so the young men, with guns in hand, and on foot, stroll through the wood, to see what they may find to shoot at on the way The sun was about an hour high when they were nearing their destination.

At that very time Fairy was at the oak tree in wait for a letter Fection was to send her by Fonnit, who arrived at the usual place at the appointed time. Just as Fairy received her letter she heard the sportsmen's feet on the dead bushes and leaves, and heard their voices. She looked around and beheld it was her brother with Decen and others of her associates, now in a distance of only fifty yards off. Believing that she was seen, her mind ran about in search of an excuse for her presence, and found the old-fashioned one of rape.

Then she cried out, "I am shamefully, shamefully attacked on my evening walk."

The gunners in chat and on the look for game now heard and for the first time saw her.



Fonnit, frightened into speechlessness and unable to move, said, as they hurried up: "Ah, Miss Fairy; you ——"

Here Prido, cursing and holding his gun full cock, said: "Not a word, you beast, you!" but Decen grabbed the gun out of Prido's hand and said: "Don't shoot, he'll die too easy. Carry your sister home and bring back a rope, we'll hang the dog."

Fonnit again said: "Please let me tell ——"

Here Prido knocked him over the head with the muzzle of the gun and walked off.

Fonnit now called on Decen and was answered by a blow that laid him prostrate on the ground. He called his mother; Decen repeated the blow, and he wallowed in his blood 'till the rope came. They fixed the rope to the limb of the oak, and Decen bid Fonnit to arise, climb and put in his head. Fonnit arose, saying: "Lord! Lord!"

Decen cried out: "Put in your head, sir, and go on to hell where you belong."

Fonnit stood still, murmuring as if he was insensible now of blows.

Prido, impatient for his death, beat him over the head; but Decen said: "Don't; it will render him insensible of pain."

So they all tied him, put his neck in the rope, and cursed him till life expired. In a short while the news was spread all over the neighborhood. Micur and Braddo soon arrived and took his body away. Chival, at his house that night, kissed his son and blessed the young men.

When the excitement of Fonnit's fate had subsided, and its air calmed down through the community, Fairy one night in a dream saw a body red with blood hanging to a tree in the forest. Its eyeballs were resting outside of their sockets and the tongue projected far out; blood was gushing out of its mouth, and around it were young men, with eyes sparkling with fire, cursing and striking it. She trembled and halloed out in fear of the wicked crew till she saw a youth, clad in a white robe, standing off aside and looking serenely on the bloody sight. Drawn by his lovely and peaceful bearing, she cried out: "Kind stranger, save, oh, save me!" "Oh, the sight! O, pity! are you not aghast; beg them do so no longer."

Replied the vision: "The deed be on you and them; my sufferings are ended; I live now beyond your power to betray and theirs to harm."

“Why do you speak so; tell me who you are.”

“I am Fonnit,” and banished.

Fairy screamed out till her mother and father came to the bed and found her sitting up. When asked: “What’s matter, she said: “Nothing.”

Her mother repeated the words she heard and asked was she dreaming?

Fairy said: “I think I was; but, mother, stay in here with me to-night, and don’t go out, mother; don’t leave me.”

It was now the close of May, when all nature in these Southern climes bloom out in all their beauty and charm. The early riser inhales the balmy air of the morning and the fragrance which comes from the cotton-bush and the cornstalk. He hears, from the dawn of day to the shade of night, the chanting of birds, the cry of plowmen, and the cutting of the laborer’s hoe. He sees verdant fields of every size and every plant thronged with a concert of busy bodies who, in the burning sun and strangling dust, find pleasure in the toils that nurse vegetables and fill the lamp of life with oil. They are all black—tillers of the soil, as they have been since the day their forefathers landed in the New World.

On one of the first mornings in June a man of plain, respectable bearing walked up to Fend’s front door and introduced himself as Uper, a German foreigner. Fend politely invited him in the house, and after a few remarks, said: “I am always glad to meet people from the Old World. There, on many an honored field, my ancestors won, and left for me that distinction which is the pride of my life.”

Uper now asked: “How about your labor? I learn that there are great demand and opportunities here for the white foreign laborers.”

Answered Fend: “Here is the place they are wanted, sir, and can prosper. We have only negro labor, which is neither thrifty nor industrious. So if you are an agent for European laborers you ought to go to work and bring all you can.”

Uper said: “I am no agent, sir. Simply a poor man in search of work.”

A clap of thunder on that still, clear morning couldn’t have shocked Fend more. Pushing his iron-gray locks back and rising from his seat, he said: “I don’t know where you will find any, sir,

at this time. I need none myself. Well, please excuse me, I have to get to my sick wife."

When Uper retired Socena asked: "Who is that!"

Said Fend: "A tramp that I took for a gentleman."

"We have enough white trash here now," replied Socena.

Uper went to Commer and was accepted, but debated awhile upon the low wages, which was six dollars a month, a peck of meal, and two pounds of bacon with salt, a week. He at last accepted the offer, and asked: "When do you pay?"

Commer said: "When the year closes. But you can get goods on your wages from my store, now and then."

Upon Uper's insisting on having his wages paid monthly, Commer said: "Well, it is unusual, but I'll do it for your sake, hoping that you will make these niggers work, for I need a man like you to lead them. They are so very lazy"

Commer now gave Uper a house and a few bed-clothes and kitchen furniture.

The next morning Uper went to plow with Braddo and others. In the evening after loosing out their mules and returning home Commer asked Uper: "How you like the work, sir?"

"Pretty well, sir."

The next day while plowing along, Uper inquired of Braddo, how could he get his washing done.

Braddo said "It will cost you something, but I'll get my wife to do 'em for you, till you can hire some one."

That night Commer went to Braddo and asked: "How does Uper work?"

"Very well, indeed."

"I see him stop very often to-day, and left the field once or twice."

The next night Commer said again to Braddo: "You must make that man work; why, he goes for water all times of day, sit under the shade some, and is always behind you."

"He do well for a white man," answered Braddo, "and will be all right wen he git use to der work."

On the fourth day Uper said to Braddo: "My rations are all done, sir, I must get some provisions on my wages."

Braddo: "Mind how you get goods here. If you don't you'll eat up your wages."

That evening Uper got from the store enough provisions to last him till the next ration day

In the field the next morning, he said to Braddo: "If I have to take up every week as much goods as I did last night I'll save nothing. What I get for rations don't suit my appetite, and I can't afford to have what I want to eat—even a little sugar and coffee. I haven't had a comfortable meal since I was here."

Braddo: "That meal and meat won't suit. You see, my wife raises vegetables, chicken and so forth, which helps us out; and again, after doing her own work, she go out and work for others, and buy what we need. That's the way we get along. And if you want it I'll get her to give you some vegetables, eggs and chicken, from time to time, which will make your rations last longer."

Uper returned thanks and promised to pay for them.

Braddo: "Oh, no, sir, I am use to this sort of living and kind to favor you who is a stranger to it."

When the week was out, Commer said to Braddo: "If that man don't do better next week he'll have to leave my place. He is too afraid of the sun."

Braddo: "Why you tell me? I didn't meak you hire the gentleman."

"Oh, I intend for you to lead the man."

"I am yar to do my own work and not to meddle wid udder peoples' business. Go tell de man what you think of him, and not me. That's now I would want you to do me if I was in his place. I will say this much, he as good a workman as I am and will do just as much work after awhile."

In the beginning of the next week Commer was in the field all day long and every time that Uper passed he said out loud to himself: "I tell you my crop is behind in plowing; this field ought to been done; I have a notion to hire another plowman. It is a notion for plowmen to rest. Everybody got better plowmen than I have. The other farmers say they wouldn't have such slow plowmen. Because I won't quarrel with them they won't work. If the rain come before they plow that other field I'll make no cotton there."

It did rain the next night after, and all the farmers' crops were placed in a bad fix. Every one was calling for those that labored by the day, or "day-hands."

Decen said to Timus one day of this week: "Why do you send your wife and children to work for Purit?"

Timus: "I sorry, but can't help it. My wife and children hab

nutten to eat en to wear, so dey gone to work for Mr Purit to get some money. Your pa don't gibs nutten but corn and bacon, and don't pay as much as Mr. Purit."

Decen: "You lie, sir; you want them to work for that Yankee, anyhow. We give you plenty to eat, but you just waste it."

"You know dat little bit of corn and bacon can't support my family "

"Hush up and do your work, or I'll knock the devil out of you."

"What I done to you? If your pa fed my family and ge dem some clothes I'll keep dem in his fields."

Decen ran up to Timus and struck him over the head with a stick several times, saying: "Hush and work; hush and work," and walked off.

When Fend came in the field Timus told him what Decen did. Fend said: "You must be careful in speaking to Decen; he is a game cock; takes after his mother's folks. You know they are high-toned, quick-tempered people."

Walking off, Fend said to himself: "Purit is doing us more injury than good by the way he works niggers and pays them."

Asked by his friends why he didn't resist Decen, Timus said: "War use; dey hab de law en kin do as dey please. Ef I had er knock 'em he could kill me; no law for pfect me."

Here is a slave to despondency and fear. He has seen the rights of his people taken away so often till he has given up all hopes of enjoying perfect freedom. The age in which he lives has molded him into despair and cowardice.

The following day Uper went to Purit and said: "I am a *poor man*, sir, seeking not favors, but work, with just reward. I was employed by Mr. Commer, but his low wages and scant rations throw me too often upon the charity of Mr. Braddo, whose benevolence knows no bound. It seems also that I can't please him."

Purit said: "You have my sympathy, sir. I shall try and get you a job that will pay you better wages than I can give. They are building a cotton factory in Villa, and the contractor, a Northern man, has advertised for a number of white mechanics and unskilled laborers. So, come get in my buggy and I'll take you there."

On reaching Villa, Uper was employed by Norten, the contractor. That same day the building committee, composed of Fend, Barr and Merce, met, and Norten reported that the work was in slow progress on account of having such few hands.

Fend said: "There is any quantity of fine negro workmen here that you can get. We had them bred up before the war in all the trades for our use."

Norten: "But, gentlemen, these men I brought from the North will not work with colored men."

Merce: "I don't know what you'll do, then; for we have but a very few white mechanics here."

Barr: "Your men are bigger fools than our white laborers. Black and white mechanics work satisfactorily together here."

Norten: "I don't approve of it; but at home necessity makes us submit to it. These men make the outcry that they are oppressed and denied the reward of their labor; while they themselves are ever ready to prevent the honest colored laborer from earning the bread of life."

Fend: "Send them back home, and hire our mechanics; you pay them too much, anyhow"

Norten went to his men and told them the condition of labor in the South, then said: "If you can't work with colored men, go back home."

The mechanics said: "Well, hire them. Boys, we are too far from home to strike."

In August the case of *Moor versus Arb* was called up in the supreme court of the State in which our section lies. The chief justice, with his two associates, presided. In hearing the arguments of the opposing counsel, they objected to all reference to color, condition, &c., which Mog attempted to make. It was held by the court that Arb had no claim to the hundred dollars, and that the money should be returned to Moor, its lawful owner. This decision somewhat irritated Mog, and caused him to approach the chief justice, after the court adjourned, in these words: "Your decision to-day will cause your defeat for re-election to the judgeship."

"My friend," said the chief justice, "remember that this is a court of record, whose proceedings are reported to the world and kept for future reference. An illegal decision here against a man simply because he is black, can be made the precedent of authority by which white men may be injured. You have the lower courts in which your proceedings are not so accurately kept, and there you should look out for your own interest."

It is impossible here for me to describe the pleasure which the win-



ning of this suit awoke in Moor's breast. Soon as it was known in his community, all of his friends came and rejoiced with him in his victory. Although the expenses of the case were nearly what it was worth, our hero forgot them in the gladness which was now shed abroad in his heart. His raptures were not without a feeling of thankfulness for Barr, so he would say, "God bless the man. I'll ge um every case I have yer."

Libro, Micur, Braddo, and Timus, one by one, caught the fire of gratitude which blazed in Moor's soul, and declared that they would all make Barr their lawyer

"Ef we jist had money," said Moor, "to ge lawyers we would git our right in court sometime, anyhow "

Colored people without money need not apply for justice in the courts, unless they are contending with each other. The innocent ones need not rely on their good behavior and their obedience to law, for they may at any time be taken before the court of justice and carried though a sham trial unto the State prison, where hundreds and tens of hundreds are to-day suffering the punishment which their refusal to submit to wrongs and injustice inflict upon them.

When farmers are done hoeing and plowing their crops, they spend a few days in recreation before the harvest time ; Moor and a few of his neighbors met together on one of these mornings of rest to take a view of each other's farms. They were on foot and while walking over Micur's farm, Moor said : " Well, ef anybody want to know war you been doin this year, Micur, tell'm come yar en see."

" Oh, yes, man," said Micur, " I been gitten up by day break all de year to come to this field, jist is we us to do in old time. En now I tank God mer labor aint been in vain. I been fretten bout mer lien all the time, but now I see I will be able to pay all mer debt. The only trouble is this, you won't no wen you pay up your lien ; you may finish to-day, and the next day the merchants bring new count ginst you."

Here Poster said : " E is our fault. We know der merchants does cheat we ; den we ought to cheat them an git even. I teak der lien en ge dem mortgage on mer crop, but dey cant git any more cotten den I car to dem. I'll pick mer cotten en sell em to dese country store in de night time, en den car dem war I please. I kin hide mer corn in de woods so ef dey leby on me dey cant teak but war dey

see. Dat's de way to treat wite mens. Dey been liben off my farder labor, but dey wont lib off mine. In old time wen dey use to jist ge we war we could eat in four days for a whole week eating, I use to go ebry night to steal hog, cow or chicken en corn. Why, mens, I use to study day en night how for steal. Ef you mens had der sense I had, dese wite mens couldn't beat your time. In old time I thought it war so foolish wen I use to see big mens crying cos dey had nutten for to eat, when dey could go out in one night en steal nough for last dem er whole week."

"Well," said Micur, "I start to steal from dem one, but I couldn't hold to it. Ebery time I steal en go way massa is, I use to think that he did know all bout war I steal. En I use to think that other people been looking at me wile I been stealin. Dat war I tell you."

Said Poster: "Now ebry time I use to steal en come clear, I got fresh courage to go en steal gen; I could go way massa en feel alright, cas I'm er brave man, able to face any man."

But Moor thought "it wasn't cowardness, cos I been der same way Wen I been waitin in the 'house,' en got plenty for eat, I never think bout stealin; but after I married, en they put me to plow en ge me rations, I had to steal or die wid hungry one day But the next day I pass the 'house,' en hear the white people braggin bout wor sort of honest young man I was, sayin that I been in they house so long en steal nutten, en thought no body could mak them believe that I would steal. Mens, God knows, after I see wor sort of confidence they had in me, and ther think pun war I jist done the day before, I feel worse then wen I been most dying with hungry, so that is the first en last stealing for Moor."

They had now arrived at Moor's farm.

"God bless you, Moor," said Micur, "you beat dese wite mens wid all dey money for farm."

"Wat wite mens know bout farming?" replied Moor; "I kin teach them. In old time dey use to git my advice. They in bed till late in the morning, then get up, read bout farming, en then ride over the field in the evening. They call that scientific farming; I read nutten, but, sir, I am in this field from morning till night, trough hot and cold wether; I see en know every turn en crook the crop teck from plantin till harvest; I know mer soil, cos I turn'm up with mer own hand. No mind wor sort of fix mer cotton git in, I kin teck'm out, for nutten kin happen to cotton new to me."

They all went now to Moor's house and dined. Soon as dinner was over Fend, Chival, and others who had been out inspecting their farms, rode up to Moor's house and asked for a drink of water. They sat down in the yard under a shady tree with the colored guests. Moor watered their horses himself, and Femmy handed the water and offered them each a glass of milk. After serving the milk and bread, Femmy presented them with a few watermelons.

Here Fend said: "Femmy knows exactly what suits me; I had her well trained."

Chival remarked: "Her getting around reminds me of old times, when I would visit you. Colored people make the best servants in the world."

After enjoying the lunches and hearty chats and laughs, they all retired.

In the beginning of September the political campaign for 1884 began its operations. The two great political parties of the nation had already nominated their respective candidates for the Presidency, and now their local following were preparing to nominate State officers and fall into line. In accordance with the call of the State Democratic central committee a county convention was held at Villa for the purpose of sending delegates to the State convention. The delegates elect were pledged to vote for the renomination of the present State officers, because of their "noble lineage and their heroic services in the war," and to oppose the renomination of the present Congressman on account of his occasional "voting with Republicans in Congress."

The State convention heartily carried out these wishes. The Republicans, in their State convention, deemed the nomination of a State ticket unwise because the State authorities (Democrats) would not give a fair election, but pledged themselves to the support of conservative or disaffected Democrats, and to the Presidential and Congressional elections over which the Federal Government would appoint supervisors that would enable the attainment of honest results. Immediately upon the adjournment of the Republican convention the Democrats held a county nominating convention at Villa. In this convention Barr recited the plans of the Republicans, and said: "The supervisors and deputy marshals to be appointed will, of course, report and try to prevent such things as we'll have to do in order to carry the Federal elections; therefore, it behooves us to

prepare our people, and get as many negroes to stay away from the polls as possible, so that the majority we have against us on election day will be overcome without the commission of acts that will be too glaring for us to wipe out in case of a contest."

The Republican leaders—Statemer, Northern white, postmaster at Villa; Ticcian, assistant postmaster, Sivil, white Southern, of the revenue office, Pollit, of the revenue office—held a county nominating convention, in which they pursued the course marked out in their State convention.

The first meeting to ratify the Democratic nominations was largely attended. Barr, the speaker, said: "My countrymen: we are still contending for those rights and privileges which the U. S. Government, established by the blood and wisdom of our forefathers, owes us and our children. Before the war we had them; we seceded because we were denied them; but now we are in a political warfare for a part of what rebellion failed to do. The North, by having entire control of the National Government, places a tariff on our imports to protect her own industries, and has thereby grown rich, while we are in poverty. The North fills all the branches of our Government with her own citizens, and denies us the privilege even of representing our Government to foreign courts. To break down their selfish administration the Democratic party must have the President and both Houses of Congress. To gain these we have to undergo a difficult task, for the result of our vote for them will not be decided by us as it is done in the State elections. So get on your guard, and be at work till the last vote is cast and counted. It is your duty as white men to uphold the supremacy here of our race; to protect the South and keep the negro in his natural place as laborers and not rulers of the land. To aid you there is even at the North a set of true-hearted men, whose association we enjoyed in ante-bellum days, whose sympathy we had during the war, and who now stand out for us as brethren of one race." The speaker was applauded at the close of every sentence.

On the way home Purit, commenting on Barr's speech, said, "It had too much sectional and race feelings for me. Our views on State should not be influenced by love of race or section."

Sol replied: "The views of that speech are more narrow than you think it is. That appeal in behalf of the South and the white race is made to prejudice all the white voters against negro vote and

Northern Republicans. And the object is not to benefit the white race, as intimated, but a special class of that race."

A few days after the Republicans held their meeting. It was largely attended.

Upon the introduction of Statemer as speaker, Moor said: "He is the one that first bring us de good news, glad tidings of freedom."

Libro said: "And when de Democrats took the State government he is one that didn't leave us here by ourselves."

The speaker said: "Fellow-citizens, another campaign has come for a Presidential and Congressional election. It is of the utmost importance to us because we are divested of all rights and privileges in the State and must look only to the Federal Government for the security and perfection of this partial freedom which we now enjoy. But for what the Federal Government has done and is—" (here Commer, Chival, and Mog came up and said, "Go on back to the North, carpet-bagger; you're but a rogue that come here to rob our people.") But the speaker said, "I came here to do what your superstition keeps you from doing—to advocate the rights of all men"—"still doing for us, we are indebted to the Republican party. And it is only by keeping the Federal Government in the hands of that party may we expect a free ballot and an honest count here. So it is our duty to aid that party. Perhaps it may need just the number of Congressmen that we can elect to give our brethren at the North a majority in Congress. Don't be discouraged, for your votes will be supervised and adjudicated by the great American Government for whom they will be cast. As for the State elections, we will keep watch and hold our vote for such Conservative Democrats as accept by words and deeds the late amendments to the Constitution. For our party is not for the North or the black man; it is a party for all men and for the whole country."

Commenting upon this speech Purit said to Sol: "I am no politician; wouldn't be one if I were at my native home; but I think you Conservative men have a chance now to take the Republicans along and redeem the State."

Sol replied that "Conservatism is not yet strong enough, sir, to do anything; if we could separate Barr and Mog from Fend and Chival we may do something. For then Commer, Lowrey, and their grades would follow one faction or the other, and the negro would go with the more conservative party."

The next day the second Democratic meeting was held. Mog, speaker, said: "Our object is to have the Federal Government, then will we have pay for our slaves. We'll have all the Federal offices here also. The white man who opposes us is favoring the North and the negro and, therefore, ought to be tarred, feathered, and burnt."

When the meeting adjourned a caucus was held, in which Chival said: "That speech to-day so stirred our people till we may rest assured of victory. Every white man will try to control or keep from the poll a negro vote."

Merce replied: "Don't be too certain. For the negroes are solid and firm in the determination to vote their old way, as I saw from their enthusiasm here on the day of their meeting. It is a wonder to me how these ignorant people entertain such loyalty and make such sacrifices for the party of their faith."

Barr replied that "the speeches they hear cause it. That's why we can't manage them."

Mog said: "Suppose we try to keep them from hearing those inflaming speeches."

Barr replied: "Yes, if the merchants and landowners, who have all the dealings with the negro, try, by evil threats or good promises, it may be done."

Merce said: "That trial has been made so often that I am afraid it will be of no effect."

Barr answered: "That is nothing. If they have the patient hardihood to endure, we certainly have the power to use them."

Barr's plan was adopted, printed in circular form, and sent around to merchants and farmers. Before the caucus adjourned, Chival said: "Now, I bet you that every man but Sol will help us."

Barr replied: "I can't see why he shouldn't help us, although he is in private life. He is of high family and owns property here, and our interest is his also."

The caucus now agreed to send for Sol, who, on arriving and learning the plan proposed by the caucus, said: "Gentlemen, I am proud of our South and think she needs material improvement in place of race controversy. I am also proud of our noble lineage and think we disgrace it by trying to keep down an innocent, weak people. In slavery we had the negro down longer and lower than we'll ever have them again, and what did we gain by it? It cost us in

the last war as much sighs, sorrow and blood as we had drawn from them. And as for trying to keep them below us, we have been kept below our rivals."

When Sol retired, Mog said: "Mr. Chival told us so. We had better let that fanatic alone."

Chival replied: "The man was always cranky, but since Purit came here he became a fool."

Barr said: "Purit doesn't meddle with our politics."

Chival replied: "He don't, for if he did he couldn't live in our neighborhood."

Said Mog: "I don't care whether a Northern man goes into politics or not, he'll ruin our country with all sorts of impracticable ideas of society and labor."

About this time the colored people of Moor's community were preparing for their annual camp-meeting. Chival allowed them to hold it on his land. Crowds of people from Villa and other country places were in attendance on Sunday, the day of its beginning, and shared in the accommodations of tents and food that the congregation provided for them. The revered pastor, in the morning service, preached that, "We are permitted to worship here on the land of Mr. Chival. Let us thank him for his kindness, and pray that God may bless him and inspire us to regard, and other white men to imitate this act of his."

Soon as the morning services were over, a recess was taken for a repast. After the usual greetings and parade of friends and strangers under the shady trees that surrounded the ground of worship, the afternoon services were taken up.

Just as the revered gentleman arose to deliver his sermon, Lowry walked up the aisle in front of the pulpit and said: "Mr Chival say that all you niggers that guine to that Republican meeting next week must leave his land, and hold your meeting on land of the Republicans."

Minister and people all now looked in solemn astonishment. Lowry here said: "He only mean them that guine to the meeting."

But the people said: "We all guine, so we all will go home now"

While they were wondering where camp-meeting could be continued (their church being too small for it), Moor said: "Come on my land and let we worship God together."



So the meeting adjourned, to reopen on Moor's land.

The next day Chival called on Fend, saying: "Now you see the folly and danger of selling land to negroes. I, to carry out our plan in the caucus, threatened those negroes that they either stay away from political meetings or leave my land. Moor has invited them on his land, thereby enabling them to be independent of me. Land will take these people from under our obligation; and what will we do then? Now, since Moor has paid for the tract of land he is living on, I advise you to take back that other tract he is buying from you."

Fend: "I don't see how it can be done. His transactions so far in paying for it is recorded according to law "

Chival: "Don't mention law when a negro is in question. We can get Mog and Barr to fix it up so that it will be all right. I'll go on to Villa right now."

Fend: "Well, you go on; I'll see my wife and follow you."

On hearing the proposition, Socena said: "Oh, for Femmy's sake, don't punish Moor for what the other negroes would do if they owned land!"

Fend: "I'll have to do something. Let me try again, though, and see if I can't persuade Moor out of politics. Then he'll be let alone."

Fend went to Moor and said: "We were brought up together; our wives and ourselves are friends; therefore, listen to my advice. If you wish to live in peace and enjoy the fruits of your labor, let politics alone."

"Ef er wite man follow politics in peace, wy can't er black man?"

Replied Fend: "Because you are ignorant, incapable to vote."

"How bout Lowry; he ignorant, too. Commer aint much better."

"Well, they are not fit to vote, but we let them do it, because they vote with us."

"De entalligent people ought ter rule, but spose dey injure the ignorant people? Would you be willin for to let er man wid more sense den you rule ober you?"

"There is no race of men superior to us. And God didn't endow your race with sufficient talent to meddle with politics."

"Well, I is ignant ub God work, but I don't blieve He did meak me for to be orpress by wite people."

"Here is the proof of your unfitness: You had our State government in your hands for some years after freedom, and ruined it."

“ Not me, sir ; de mens I vote for done it.”

“ You had not sense enough to choose and vote for good men.”

“ Well, you know I had to vote for somebody, en wen I offer you my vote you wouldn't teak 'em, en den say dat I wasn't fit to use 'em.”

In Moor's answer may be found the cause which brought about the failure of the Southern Republican State government. The native white men of the South opposed and rebelled against the reconstruction of the State government. But the State government had to be formed and run, as a matter of course ; and its opponents were the education and capital of the land. The negro, whose very freedom and vote were rejected by the opponents, for his own safety had to vote for somebody to carry on the government, whereby his freedom, with all its privileges, was to be protected. He used good sense and exercised his right of suffrage. But whom had he to vote for ? Surely not for men, the very State government opponents, who wanted him not to be free, not to vote, or, if he voted at all, to vote against his own rights. He acted with as much gratitude as wisdom, and offered his vote to the National Republican party, which had engrafted his rights upon the National Constitution, and was endeavoring to protect them there. But he was incapable to conduct the machinery of the government even by the most intelligent brethren of his own color. Here was an opportunity for the office-seeker.

Politicians saw it. They came in swarms from the North. All that came had comparative intelligence, but most of them were dishonest, and but a few had any experience in the administration of a government. They worked their way into the good-will of the negro, united themselves with his more intelligent brethren, and began the operation of the government. According to the situation this mixture of intellectual and moral qualities of the high and the low order was necessarily accepted by the colored people as their leaders, for what else could they have done ? and who could be surprised if they had selected even worse leaders ? The very situation itself was an occasion for bad men to seize upon the State government as their prey. The opposition of the Southern whites put the negro in want of leaders and the State government in need of officials. So men of all colors and from all sections of the country grasped the opportunity and removed the necessity. What they did afterward is of a world-wide notoriety, but their failures are better known than

the things which produced them. Bad as the majority of them might have been, it must be said in justice and truth that there was a minority which attempted a reformation in the affairs of the government on the very day maladministration began.

The "Independents," "Bolters," &c., all had their origin in this source. But the plant of reform had not taken root before the opposition, through their ku-klux, began to slay the hands that nursed it and to pull it up from their soil. So the Republican State governments, sickened by corruption and weakened by dissension for reform, fell at last to the ever-steady blows of the opposition who could have prevented its rise in the beginning by accepting the principles on which it was erected.

"But," continued Fend, "why do you want to *vote* anyhow? You have plenty to eat and make a good crop."

"I want er vote," answered Moor, "for mens to meak good law for me for live under en for see dat I git jestic in der court-house, en for ge me my right when I en er wite man git in er fuss."

"All of that will be done for you soon as you cease to vote with the Northern people and vote for us. You all don't trust us but give Northerners your vote and then want us to make laws to suit you."

"I vote wid der Nordern people cause dey all's try to ge my people dey right. But I'll vote for de Sudern people, too, ef dey let me injoy mer freedom. I been voten for Mr. Sivil long time now cause he willin we to hab our right."

The impartiality of the colored voter commends itself to all thinking men. Since the ballot was placed in their hands, they never used it in the interest of their own color alone, but ever for such Southern men as Sivil, who recognized them as citizens and treated them accordingly. The champion of the principles of freedom and equal rights, be he white or black, from the North or South, and albeit he is an ex-slave-owner, has never failed, all things else considered, to receive the negro vote. Indeed, this is a quality in the negro voter, which the proud Anglo-Saxon may well emulate, for it is a quality that looks for principles more than for men, and for men more than for color.

Fend now returned home without giving Moor the object of his persuasion, and said to Socena: "Moor is as bull-headed as ever; I don't know what they'll do with him, nor what I'll be forced to do by our men."

By this time Chival was in Villa. He first applied to Mog, who, on agreeing, as of course, said: "I'll see Barr and get him to render Moor no assistance when Fend takes back the land."

But Barr, on hearing the proposition, said: "We can carry this election without doing that; and, again, Moor is a good paying client of mine and I would not like to forsake him in a case."

"Mr Barr," said Mog, "that's no way for a man of your standing among our people to talk. We ask you to do this for the people's sake, and surely you will not let personal interest prevent you?"

Barr studied awhile, then said: "I'll see if I can't scare him out of politics," and satisfied Mog for the time being.

In a few days after, he met Moor and said: "I did my duty for you in that case against Arb, didn't I?"

"O, yes, sir," said Moor, "en I tenk you so much."

"Now," continued Barr, "hear my advice for your own interest. The whites here intend to take away your land if you don't leave politics; I can't help you any, for they'll get such jury as will decide against you in court, so I advise you just to quit politics now and save your property."

Moor shook his head, looked on the ground awhile, then said: "My God, Mr. Barr, I can't, I can't! Ef dey kin teck way my land from me now dey'll do more en dat wid me wen dey lect dey own President; so ef I kin keep dese Dimercrats from gitin der President by stayin in politics I gwine do'em."

"Well, you'll lose your land," returned Barr.

"Well, ef I kin git more right den I hab now," said Moor, "I kin mighty soon buy more land."

Barr told Mog the result of his efforts, and Mog told Fend what conclusion they had come to, and urged him to take back the land.

In the course of a few days Fend called on Moor, saying: "Moor, old fellow, the land I sold you last winter was not mine, it was my father's, but I thought he had willed it to me like he did the first tract I sold you; but I found out that he had willed it to my son, Decen, who is going crazy over it, and wants it back."

"Well, as you gwine teak back der land, couldn't you ge me back mer seventy-five dollars?" asked Moor.

Fend said: "Your money I'll return if you keep it secret. I'm very sorry, but can't help it."

So Moor parted from Fend with the understanding that the land was no longer his. The mortgage of the land was simply foreclosed. On seeing his family, Moor said, after they all had shed precious drops of tears: "Let dem teak der land. I'll try to keep wot land en stock I hab en buy no more. Wot money we meck we'll jist keep 'em yer in der house, en don't put 'em way dese white people kin sees 'em, for dey will teak 'em way for spite."

Hard as it was for our hero and his race to make money in the South, yet equally hard was it for them to have kept what land and stock they bought. None know this better than they do, and none know the discouragement it has brought on among those who are anxious to buy homes. Their life is a lottery in which they may, notwithstanding their desires and efforts, be put in prison or let go free; receive or be denied reward for their labor; may hold or be deprived of their savings. They live without the actual title to the right of man which the present civilization keeps in its seal.

When the second Republican meeting met, Sivil, speaker of the day, said: "When the war closed I laid aside mv arms, and, in accordance with my oath of allegiance to the Federal Government, joined you in meeting the requirements of the late constitutional amendments. I left behind me my mother, father, and all that were dear to me, and brought along their curse and condemnation. Even now I have nothing to cheer me on but the consciousness of being right and the hearty support it has always been your pleasure to give me."

Here a crowd of white men, in red shirts, broke in among the audience. They were all on horseback, with swords in their hands. Speaker and people all stood still, looking to see what their invaders would do.

"Braddo," said Commer, "didn't I tell you not to come here? This meeting to-day will cost your wages, which is in my pocket."

"Keep my wages ef you dar," said Braddo, "en it'll cost you more 'en dis 'lection will ge you."

"Micur," Merce hallooed out, "since you didn't stay at home and pick your cotton as I told you, I'll levy on your cotton-field next week and have it picked. I advance you provisions, sir, and you should listen to me, and not these Republican leaders."

Chival said: "Micur, you rent my land, and come here to-day against my orders. Pay me my rent next week if it takes every

grain of corn you made. Mr Merce, you take the cotton, and I the corn."

"Teak all mer crops," cried Micur, "for e aint no use for me to meak der cotton en corn widout der right to pertect 'em. I comin yar to ebry meetin' to yeddy 'bout my right."

"Tenk God, Mr. Merce can't bodder me," said Moor. "I done pay 'em for my lien and teak up der mortgage."

But Merce said "Mind how you brag, sir; I'll put you where Arb had you last year."

Said Arb to Poster: "If you can't stay away from these meetings, leave my mule and wagon here."

The latter answered: "I just come for sham, to yeddy wor dey talking bout, tell you. I'll vote wid you."

Soon as Arb went off, Omun said to Poster: "Husband, le'm teak way all we hab ef he will, en I'll help you for to git more."

"Libro, we'll prevent you from getting another job of work in fifty miles of this town. No white man shall hire you again, sir," spoke out Mog.

But Libro said: "You all can't hurt dis nigger, now You starves me, you beat me, and you punish me nough in old time, and oppress me sence the war, but after all you done I yet living, and entend to struggle on for my right."

Fend started to speak to Timus, but Decen interrupted, saying: "Let him alone, Pa. He'll get no share of that crop at home, I'm sure."

Now Moor unto Timus: "Come en hear speech till the time for vote. My God, Timus, is much is dese wite people do you, you aint guine try for your right," and aroused a little spirit in despairing Timus, who made out to say "I will come, for I'll git nutten for mer work anyhow, ef I stay home."

These threats, with other words too profane for our use, and their answers, passed between white and colored as fast as mouths could speak them out. The meeting broke up. Merchants, land-owners and employers cooled down now by the dispersion again, went to every black face they had threatened and said: "These dirty politicians are just using you people as tools for their own interest. We don't wish to take away your crop, but if you will still follow them, we will leave you in starvation. Will you stay at home, and hear their speeches no more?"

Not one of the black victims answered otherwise than thus :  
 “ You know I al’s been payin you, and ef you le me lone tell I fetch mer cotton to you, you’ll git your money ”

“ No,” the money and land masters said, “ We want you to stay home.”

But their only reply was an innocent, pitiful, and stern look of the black faces, which bespoke the spirit of self-denial, firmness, and fortitude.

It was Saturday The people spent what little money they had, and returned home. The next Monday they all were followed by the merchants’ wagons, in each of which was a deputy sheriff, commissioned to levy on the produce of the colored farmers. They went from house to house : they took all the cotton, corn, &c., that were gathered, and put the fields that were not harvested under levy, so that the owner could not return thither, and leave them in the care of day-laborers, &c., for harvesting.

Micur, deprived of all his crop, and left to starvation, moved to Sol, who gave him and his family work by the day, and a house to live in.

Braddo determined to stand with Commer, and have his wages or vengeance.

Poor Timus received Decen’s cane over his head. He left the crop in which he had a share, and moved his family to Purit’s, who gave him employment.

A meeting called by our hero met at the church one or two nights after the merchants’ vengeance was executed upon the people. They all in this meeting expressed the grievances under which they were suffering. According to their statements the merchants ravaged to suit their mercantile as well as their political interests. For instance : A. being a thrifty, progressive negro, had his crop taken away for this reason : his crop amounted to more than his debt, so the whole crop was levied upon in order to reduce his worth so low till he would be obliged to go on another lien the following year. The keeping him on a lien was of all importance with the merchant, because of his desire and efforts for improvement, and the certainty of his making enough to pay his debts ; on the other hand B., less thrifty and progressive, was not levied upon because he made scarcely enough to pay his lien and because there was not enough ill-got gain in levying upon him. He was spared for the presumption that he would never work up and be out of the merchants’ account.



When Timus told his fellow sufferers how Decen beat him and that he had to leave his crop to get rid of more whipping, Moor said: "Yes, Decen done you so cause you is er coward. He wouldn't do Braddo so cause he know war Braddo would put on him de law couldn't teak off."

"That I would," cried Braddo; "I guine stay right at Commer en hab my wages, or he wip me or I wip him; wite man widout de law and de money is no more den we."

"Dey wouldn't do we so," remarked Moor, "ef dis politics wasn't guine hep we so dey couldn't teak all we labor for."

The people all cried out: "Yes Ber Moor," and expressed their determination to struggle on till the voting day.

Their griefs, at this meeting, aroused their sympathy for each other, so they shook hands, and shed tears together over each other's troubles. Those that were spared from pillage offered bread to those that had none. They also offered Libro, who was deprived of work, a job on their church and made arrangements for paying him. These people are aware that they are united together in the woes of life as in the color of the skin, and the blow that strikes the well-being of one is felt in the heart of the other. But the love that binds them together has an opening for all other people. This love is the source of their gratitude for what mankind has done for them and the deceptions by which the world has preyed on them.

The day after this meeting of colored mourners, Chival wrote Sol a letter reprimanding him for giving Micur a house and employment on his farm. And the same day Fend filed an indictment with Justice Ray against Timus for leaving his share-farm unhoused, and against Purit for employing Timus.

"I thought Purit was a gentleman," said Fend to his friends; but no gentleman would employ a negro that leaves his employer."

"Like all other Yankees," said Chival, "he is for his selfish interest and cares not what becomes of his neighbors. He is here just to make money, and to do it he'll treat a nigger like he treats a white man. We ought to run him off. He is an obstacle in our way."

When the cases came up Timus told why he left Fend, but the court ordered him to return to his former employer or the case would be sent to the higher court, from which he would be sent to the penitentiary. Timus agreed to return to Fend.

Purit, in his defense, said: "This indictment took me with sur-

prise. I had no desire to interfere with Mr. Fend and his employee, and didn't know that I had done so. Timus came to me in wounds and asked for a house to live in and work to support his family. Without asking him any questions I complied with his request. I didn't even know the law here on such subjects as this."

Justice Ray said: "Strangers who come among us to live should learn in the beginning our customs and laws and live in accordance with them. I must fine you fifty dollars for the damages done Mr. Fend." The money was paid and the court adjourned.

Sol discountenanced Chival's letter, and refused to turn Micur out of door or answer it. Communities where such men as Sol and Purit don't reside have no refuge for those of Micur's fate.

The third Democratic meeting met and was addressed by the candidates for governor and Congress.

The governor said: "You have in your hands all the offices of the State government, the education and capital of the land. Why can't you use these means and win the election?"

The candidate for Congress said: "I hear of your troubles here with the negroes. They are caused by those Northern Republicans who use the Federal offices here as agents for them, and you'll be pested with these dirty things as long as our Government be in the hands of Republicans. So to reach perfect independence we must elect our Congressmen and Presidential electors, although the Federal authorities will operate against us or investigate the results of our elections. Yet, we must persevere, for the election of every Republican Congressman from the South is an addition to the Northern Republicans who use the Federal Government to oppress us."

The third Republican meeting was addressed by Ticcian in these words: "Upon the success of the Republican party depends all our hopes for the future, our hope for good laws and to have them administered, not to the injury of one race and in behalf of another; our hope for a good free-school system, and our hope for the protection of our persons and the fruit of our labor. We plead for no more than what the whites themselves have fought and died for. We obey the State laws, and pay taxes for their support, yet we have not the voice to say who shall make and execute those laws, or, rather, we have the voice, but it is choked by the State government." Before Ticcian concluded the last sentence of the above speech, a crowd of white men fired among the people and killed ten men. Ticcian, drawing his

pistol to shoot, said : “ This cowardly murder I’ll revenge to-day, if it costs my life ;” but his ball went too high for the murderers, who now fired and killed him instantly

“ Will you wite men,” cried Moor, “ shoot us down for nutten, wen you know we hab no fire-arm like you to pertect we self?”

“ Go on back home, then,” said Justice Ray “ This is our Government, and you can’t meet to abuse us for holding it.”

“ Mens,” said Libro, “ don’t stay yar and die so ; let we lay Villa in ashes to-day.”

“ Yes,” said Braddo, “ der torch, mens, der torch will be our arms !”

“ Ef you all teak der wite mens we’ll teak der wite women and git vengeance to-day for all dey done us,” said Omun.

Here Barr mounted the stand Ticcian fell from and said : “ Brave men of my color, bridle in your rage. You have done enough. My colored friends, I am sorry for the slaughter, and am also sorry for the course you are pursuing for redress. Listen, while I tell you the dangers ahead. You are ignorant and poor ; unable to concentrate all your forces in one solid organization throughout the country ; but if you could be organized for any uprising against us, how would you dispatch from one to the other your plans of action and transport your means of warfare. You’ll soon find that the torch cannot cope with the fire-arm, and that you have not the money to purchase ammunition, bread, and clothing, which yourselves as well as your families will need. Then you need not look to the North, for in a war of races here the white men of the North will either take sides with us or be neutral. They didn’t go and die in the confederate war to free you, but to save the Union. Now, in this unhealthy and disordered state, will you attempt to fight us, who are well organized and possess all the means for carrying on a war ? We have in our hands the State government, which will not only supply us with arms, money, &c., but will demand of the Federal Government additional forces and men. Then the raging torrents of the white man’s anger will reign down upon you, and the only remains of this your mad scheme will be the mountains of dead bodies its execution will raise. Submit now to the white man’s almighty power and I bound you’ll be saved from destruction.”

Pollit, who came up just as Barr began to speak, now took the stand and said : “ It may be death for me to talk to-day, but I am

forced now to speak or die with my sorrowing people. This is not the first time we witness such bloody scenery. This is our annual offering on the altar of freedom. The innocent blood shed to-day is what we water the Republican tree with every campaign year. This is how the State government allows us to be treated ; and yet Mr Barr asks us to strive no longer for a better state of affairs, but to submit to this. No ! submit not ! better end this long struggle for freedom and die as we have suffered, together. We will submit ourselves not to the lawlessness here, but to the American people through the ballot-box on election day "

The whites now retired after seeing the aim for burning the town thwarted. Men like Moor and Libro gave Barr's speech the strictest attention, and found in it the impracticability of their uprising. The law prohibits the carrying of concealed weapons, but white men carry them as often as they please so long as it is done to the danger of colored people. The fear of punishment, the lack of means to purchase fire-arms and ammunition, make the colored people incapable of defending themselves against the whites, who are supplied with military implements and stores, and are also backed by every function of the State government.

Yet weak and peaceable as these people are they can be wrought up to insurrection. In the days of slavery their escape from their masters, their mob-like resistance at times to the slave power, their action to-day, are indications of the fact that they'll suffer a certain amount of oppression in the struggle for improvement, and then say : *This much I'll stand and no more!* Their desire for improvement, the burdens, checks, and snares which their oppressors set upon and around them have urged them to this resolve, and for aught we know will force them to it again. The law of self-preservation will sooner or later cause them to set aside the law of the State in defiance of danger. And when their good-nature shall be worn out by ill-treatment, and when they see that they are to choose between eternal suffering or death, they'll overturn the mighty fabric which has been oppressing them for ages, albeit, like Samson, they be destroyed in its fall. We hope not to see that dreadful day, and trust that the better nature of the white Southerner will, by cultivation, keep it from going in the calendar of the coming ages.

The night following the bloody meeting, which we have just commented on, the leading Democrats held a caucus, in which Mog said :

“ We should not have let Pollit speak, for now the negroes are just as determined as ever to vote.”

“ Oh, we have killed too many any how,” said Merce.

“ No, sir ;” continued Mog, “ the more we do the more stubborn they seem. You can’t buy them over, and taking their bread and making threats amount to so little till we are obliged to take their lives. The more negroes we get to stay at home on election day the less trouble we’ll have. So we must spread terror among them before the day of election that the most of them will be afraid to come to vote. Then we’ll have a quiet election and nothing much to answer for before the d——n U. S. courts.”

“ Let us go to their homes,” said Chival, “ and whip and kill all we can.”

It was now but one week before the election. Armed bands of disguised white men were now preparing to go through the country. They went to Moor’s house at a late hour one night and called as though they were travelers in search of a lodging-place, but receiving no answer, they went on to Micur’s, at whose house they called and was again unanswered. A few hours before the break of day they called on Braddo, who hurried to his door to welcome the strangers and received a ball in his heart. He lay where he fell, surrounded by his wife and children till after sun-rise, when Moor and others were sent for to prepare the body for the grave.

Moor said : “ Der same crowd call at my house, but I neber open my door in dese campaign time less I know de voice.”

“ I neber does sleep in my house,” said Micur, “ in dese times.”

A few days preceding the election the State authorities appointed three Democrats for each State poll as managers of election and three Democrats for each Federal poll as managers of election.

The Federal authorities appointed one Democrat and one Republican as supervisors for each Federal poll, and also a few deputy marshals for the larger polls. On the morning of election the polls were opened at the legal hour, the State poll being placed some distance from the Federal. The Federal election was conducted in a little house. The Republican supervisor, before the voting began, asked to inspect the ballot-box, but the managers refused. Early in the morning, while Moor was distributing tickets to the voters, Omun asked him whether Poster had received his ticket ; just as Moor made his negative reply, Poster walked up, and Omun said :

"I come to see you vote ; my mind tell me dem favors Arb been doing for you war for to git your vote."

Poster said : "I jist talk sweet to wite people so I kin git all I want from dem ; I wouldn't vote wid dem."

Omun said : "Yes ; but I redder you work for your libin en be plain wid dem ; any how, let me see you vote."

While they were going to the box, Arb said : "Let me see you, Poster "

Omun : "Wait till he done vote, ef you please, sir "

Arb : "Poster, what did you promise me?"

Poster : "I'll see you again."

Omun : "My God, Poster, did you bargain to vote ginst yourself, me, and your childen?"

Poster : "I meck no bargain wid Mr. Arb."

Arb : "You lying scoundrel—promise to vote with me, and now let that woman prevent you. I have a notion to blow your brains out."

Then to Moor, Arb said : "Give me your hand. This is the scoundrel that made me levy on you last year, but now, Moor, I beg your pardon. Poster, I'll take away everything you are worth, and will prevent every merchant from giving you a lien, and every land-owner from giving you a home ; and I'll kill you before you vote here."

Poster attempted to go to the poll, but Arb resisted, he hesitated, then turned back.

Omun exclaimed "Would to God I was de man to-day "

When Micur went in to vote the managers said : "You never registered."

Micur presented his certificate of registration, but as the State registrar had failed to record his name, he could not vote. The election went on quietly till mid-day. Now a large number of colored people had just come from far-off places in the country.

To one of these voters the managers said : "You can't vote here. Why didn't you vote at your own poll?"

The voter said : "The managers didn't open our poll."

Another voter, to the same question, said : "At our poll the manager wouldn't open the poll till after the legal hour."

A third, to the same question, said : "At our poll we nor de supervisor could find way der managers had der box."

Moor said to those who come from distant polls: "Don't fret; ef dey jist let we who belong to this poll vote, we'll car this election."

The next voter, being colored, was challenged by the Democratic supervisor for being a minor. The voter denied the charge, but the supervisor said: "You lie, sir; don't dispute my word."

The managers refused to allow him to vote, but the Republican supervisor said: "He can vote, and be subjected to investigation afterward. I challenge the vote of white minors, and voters from distant polls, but you all let them vote."

The manager still refused, and drove the voter out.

The next voter was a white boy, who, on being challenged by the Republican supervisor, said: "Be careful how you speak to a gentleman's son."

The whites were all through voting now, and the managers ordered the State constables to guard the door and admit but a single voter in the house at one time. When Libro came to vote the managers took fifteen minutes to examine and swear him.

When he went out the door, Libro said: "It takes so long for them to vote one man, half of our people won't vote to-day. Anyhow, stand near the door and go in every chance you can get. The whites done vote now and they don't want we all to vote."

Here crowds of whites got before the door, the colored voter being obliged to squeeze himself through. The managers got up now every ten minutes, walked about the house, smoked, chewed, and drank. After a little while the phalanx of whites at the door became so strong and thick till not a colored voter could pass. The Republican supervisors ordered the deputy marshals to have the men that obstructed the pass-way removed. The marshals began to arrest the men but are resisted. The marshals called for assistance and are aided by colored men. Moor grabbed hold of Mog and Justice Ray began to stab him in the back. Micur to protect Moor caught Ray by the arm and is himself stabbed in the head by Chival. And now ensued a riot, in which the whites with sabers and bowie-knives, and the blacks with their walking-sticks and pocket-knives, contended till the whites were reinforced by fire-arms that had been put in a little house not far from the poll. The colored rioters now retreated with many wounds after they had made many bruises on the faces of their antagonists.

State constables, backed by white citizens, now arrested the marshals and placed them in jail; then they dared another negro to go to the poll. The colored people retired to themselves and decided to vote no more that day. Not one of them was armed. The law of the State prohibits the carrying of deadly weapons near the polls.

But Libro said: "If we can't vote we ought to stay here and guard the supervisor, for on his report depend all our labors to-day."

Another said: "Stay jist to see our vote teak way and then die. Let us go home. It is foolish to stay yar widout arms, and zist ther people who habe that house yonder packed wid amunition and guns."

Libro said: "Then we'll go home and git our guns—might as well disobey the law when it will not protect us. Men, our liberty is in this thing."

So such as had guns and pistols went for them. Micur and Moor had been taken home, the one in death, the other in wounds. The polls were closed at the legal hour, and the managers closed the door of the voting-house and began the count.

There were found seven hundred and eighty ballots in the box for electors of President and member of Congress, of which number three hundred were for the Republican and four hundred and eighty for the Democrats. There were on the roll five hundred and eighty names, representing three hundred colored and two hundred and eighty white voters. The managers now put all the ballots in the box and began to draw out all over the number of names on the list. One of them, with a handkerchief on the forehead, peeped in the box and drew out two hundred Republican ballots. On being asked to sign the Democratic supervisor's report of the election the Republican supervisor said: "The report is incorrect and I can't sign it. My report has all the irregularity and frauds done at this election, and it is the only correct one."

The managers and Democratic supervisor attempted now to force the Republican supervisor to sign their report or give up his own. Libro halloed from without: "Hold to your report and don't sign theirs."

The Republican supervisor cried out: "They may kill me but will never get me to sign their report."

Justice Ray halloed from the outside: "Destroy his report and sign his name to ours."



The managers took hold of the Republican supervisor ; Libro and other colored men, with clubs in hand, broke down the door to get to the supervisor's assistance. Here the whites begin to fire on them and they begin to fire back. During the shooting the Republican supervisor ran out of the house and carried his report. The shooting continued till Libro and Commer fell dead, and Justice Ray cried out : " No use to do any more. We have the election anyhow."

A colored gunner exclaimed : " All our ammunition is done. We can do no more, boys."

And here all retired with their dead and wounded. During the campaign the newspapers did not make report of a single murder of Republicans nor of the difficulties had at Republican meetings. But the day after the election they said : " All voted quietly till the Federal officers begun to go beyond their instructions, and the negroes started to misbehave."

There was no notice taken of the State polls by the Republicans. Their only hope for an honest count was at the Federal poll. The result of the election was anxiously awaited by both races. Alas ! the news came that the Democrats had elected the President and scattered consternation among the colored people. It found Moor in his bed suffering from the dagger's wound. The most careless observer might have supposed that the old Southern Confederacy, against the events of late years, had come to life again crowned with the laurels of independence. For such impression the exultation of the whites alone, to say nothing of the sadness which brooded over the blacks, was sufficient to make. White men went through the country and proclaimed " slavery, slavery again," in the ear of every colored soul.

Purit came to see Moor and said : " In a few days I'll leave you, I can't stay here. I can't adapt myself to the customs here, and must not vote to suit myself if I wish to live in peace. Why don't you go with me. Why stay here and waste all your strength to enrich a country that disregards your service and denies you privileges that belong to you?"

" Ah ! Mr Purit," our sick hero said, " I love dis land. It is to me, war my lil boy's playground is to him. It is jist war my hand meak 'em. I know no udder land."

" Don't mind that," said Purit, " Your life is in danger here. So sell out your property and come with me to the West. I assure you

that your common sense, energy and pluck will have there fair play and enable you to live in peace and leave a rich inheritance for your children."

"I tenk you for your advice," our hero said, "but I can't leave dese widows en orphan children, who lost dey husband and farder for our right. I want to help dem. I can't car all wid me, en I won't leave dem yar. I'll stay ef I haffer suffer wid dem."

Purit in a few days after sold out his property and went to the West. He carried with him all the colored people in his employ

The effect of Moor's life upon the destinies of the United States will be the sequel of this story



